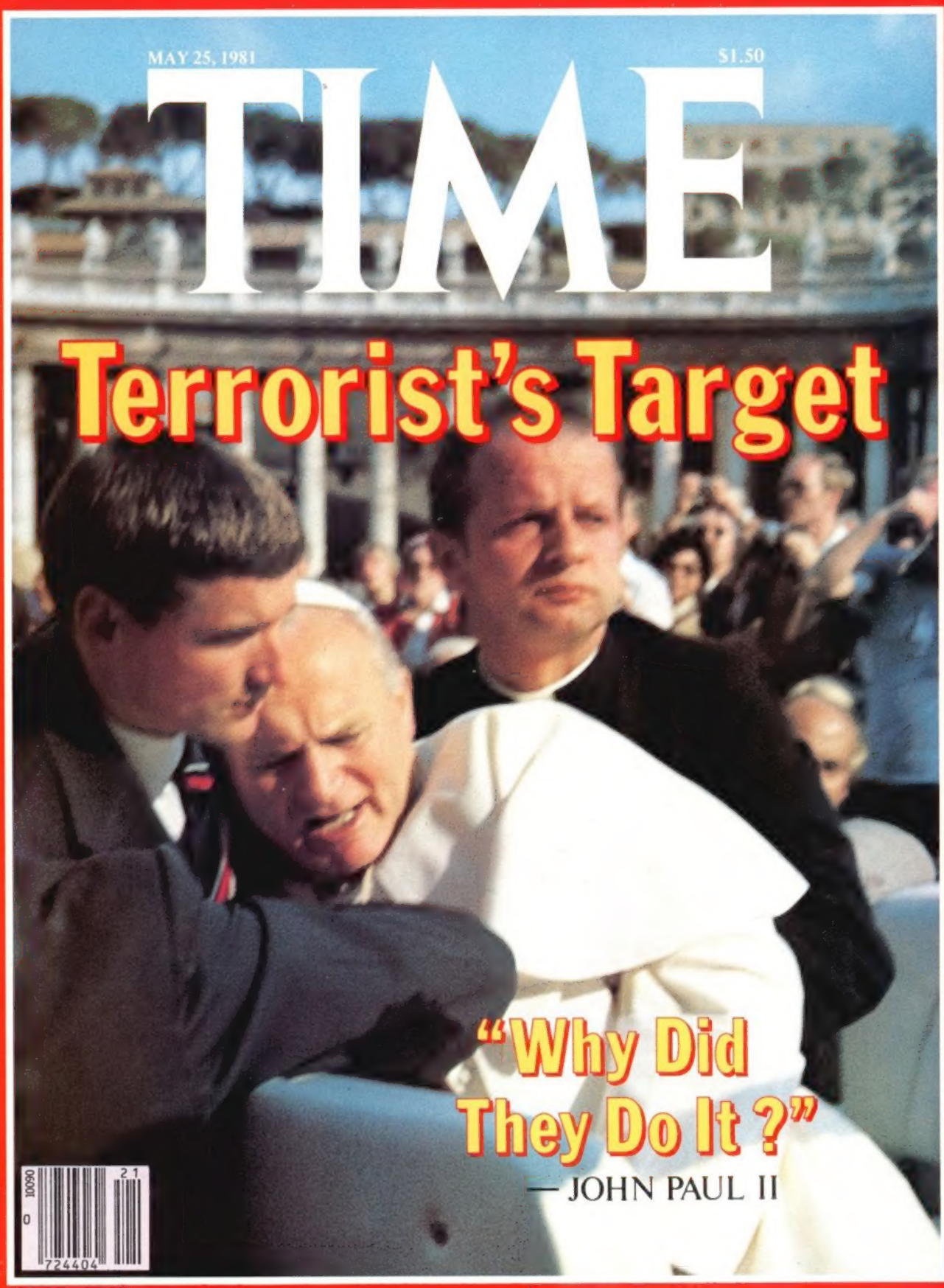
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Correspondent Barry Kalb happened to be reading about terrorism in Italy when word reached him at the TIME Rome bureau that Pope John Paul II had been shot in St. Peter's Square. He pieced together the grim sequence of events and then rushed to Gemelli Hospital to pursue reports on the Pope's condition. Says Kalb: "When I had a minute to breathe later that evening, I realized that I had been more saddened than surprised by the fact that someone would shoot the Pope. And that saddened me more than anything else." Rome Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn was in Beirut reporting on the current confrontation between Israel and Syria when he received news of the attack. Wynn, who was in Manila in 1970 when a knife-wielding Bolivian fanatic lunged at Pope Paul VI, hurried back to Rome to cover his second attempted papal assassination. "In the wake of the Lennon killing and the Reagan shooting, this attack looks like part of a chain reaction of violence," says Wynn. "One such highly publicized event seems to put the idea in yet another assassin's mind." Joining Wynn and Kalb was Bonn Bureau Chief Roland Flamini, a Vatican hand of long experience who served for three years as a TIME correspondent in Rome before moving to Bonn in March. Flamini, author of the recently published book *Pope, Premier, President,* has reported on the deaths of John XXIII, Paul VI and John Paul I. Says he: "The first understandably confused accounts of the shooting were serious enough to make me think I was about to cover my fourth papal death. For once, I was glad to be wrong."

LOGAN BENTLEY

Roland Flamini, Wilton Wynn and Barry Kalb in Rome

Associate Editor Richard Ostling, who wrote the assessment of John Paul II's papacy accompanying this week's story, is also a seasoned observer of the Holy See. As TIME's religion writer since 1975, Ostling has done five cover stories on papal subjects. Says he: "Unfortunately, the attack on John Paul II is part of a pattern that has been developing for years." Senior Writer George Church, who wrote the main narrative, first became acquainted with John Paul II when he did the cover story on the Pope's visit to America in 1979. Says Church: "He is a remarkably popular individual who has managed to convince even those who disagree with him that we are all united under God's love. To have somebody attempt to kill him is like aiming bullets at an ideal."

John a. Meyer

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Letters

M.B.A. Craze

To the Editors:

The starting salaries enjoyed by Masters of Business Administration [May 4] reflect a need for their talents and a recognition of their potential contributions to the firm. The degree is a ticket. It says, "I'm highly motivated, hard-working, ambitious and knowledgeable." Just saying these things will open some doors, but once through those doors, the M.B.A. is on his own.

Alan W. Robertson
Charlottesville, Va.

As long as companies think of M.B.A.s as all knowing, all seeing "superexecutives" who will push the firm toward the FORTUNE 500 top-ten list, an M.B.A. is the best degree to get.

Nestor A. Arreaza
Babson Park, Mass.

Money is the long hair of the '80s.

Rick Brewer
Tampa

The real problem with M.B.A.s is corporate management. Many able top managers lack a bachelor's degree, and, sadly, all seem to have a reverence for any degree. Consequently, M.B.A.s are allowed to run loose when they really need firm guidance and direction.

Claude Pate Hutchens
Clearwater, Fla.

Ireland's Anguish

Bobby Sands [May 4] had a choice to live or die—a choice his fellow militants didn't give the innocent people they killed and maimed.

Paul Kerslake
London

As an Englishman, I say both the I.R.A. and the extreme Protestant factions are murderers and must be treated as such. If only Bobby Sands had struck for truce talks or had suggested a workable solution, he would have been a real hero. Northern Ireland does not need a Bobby Sands, whose hunger strike was planned provocation. It needs a new peace movement. It needs the majority of sensible Irish to tell the minority of senseless fanatics to stop.

Nicholas John
Chambéry, France

Bobby Sands spent most of his young Irish life under the inhuman conditions of a British prison, judged by British judges. His simple plea to be recognized as a political prisoner was the only way he could show his protest against British tyranny over Northern Ireland.

Elizabeth Minogue
Franklin Lakes, N.J.

Helms' Clout

So Jesse Helms says that Ronald Reagan has "got to remember who took him to the dance" [May 4]. Such a crass demand shouldn't surprise anyone. That's what happens when you go out with that kind of guy.

Philip M. Willis
Albany

Jesse Helms should have to look the poor of this country in the face, especially the children, and explain why Government support of the poor is being drastically curtailed while subsidies to the tobacco industry, which is causing cancer in many Americans, are not touched.

Larry G. Patton
Houston

What a shame that we conservatives who worked to elect Ronald Reagan in 1980 will possibly not repeat that in 1984 because of a right-wing radical, "never compromising, out to reshape the world in his image." Don't coddle this redneck, Mr. President. He'll undo us all.

Kenneth B. Larkin
Punta Gorda, Fla.

Schlafly and the Temptress

Phyllis Schlafly's comment that women who have been sexually harassed on the job have asked for it [May 4] reflects not a new, but an old view of woman: that by her virtue she can control the actions of others. It is as sensible as saying that a good child will never be intimidated by a bully, or that an honest man will never be mugged.

Nita Sue Kent
Waco, Texas

All right, you trollops, up against the wall! This is Phyllis ("Never Met a Man Who Was a Cad") Schlafly speaking. Stop your lascivious behavior at the copy machine, cease your sultry coffee service, and no more sexually explicit typing. Don't you know that virtue is its own reward? On-the-job harassment: Hah! That's what you get for unchaining yourselves from your kitchen stoves and trying to pretend you have something other than chitlins and children to give the world.

Maren J. Wryn
Honolulu

Phyllis Schlafly—what a wicked old witch! The young women in the typing pool are embarrassed enough trying to duck the known feelers and gropers without being blamed for the equipment God gave them. It's also rough on the file clerk, trying to keep her arms close to her body while she handles the heavy drawers. Few of these young people can summon the bravado to yell "Cut that out!" or "Go pat your dog!" as this 66-year-old woman has sometimes suggested.

Elizabeth O. Rodgers
Arlington, Mass.

It's true that virtuous women are seldom accosted—by virtuous men. It's the other kind who give a girl a hard time.

Carolyn Rice
Taylors, S.C.

Even "temptresses" have the right to say no to their bosses and keep their jobs.

Carolyn Parker
Birmingham

Praise Jesus for women like Phyllis Schlafly who are speaking the truth and searing the consciences of women today! I pray for the day when women will take pride in being good homemakers and once again will earn the respect of their husbands and families.

Mrs. Roger Arndt
Madison, Wis.

A Little Flogging

I read with much disgust your article "Stomping and Whomping Galore" [May 4]. So the sadomasochists are coming out of the closet. Who's next? What are we going to do when the cannibals and necrophiles start demanding access to dead bodies? It is time that the overwhelming majority of Americans who oppose this type of behavior realize that these so-called closets are not closets at all. They are Pandora's boxes that should remain firmly and forever closed.

Martin R. Truitt
Los Angeles

For those of us who work in a crisis center that serves victims of sexual and domestic violence, some of our saddest clients are wives who are victims of their husbands' S-M sexual activity. They are invariably middle-aged and middle-class women. Our experience is that S-M is frequently not "consensual activity that pleases both partners," but rather the exploitation of sensitive, dependent women by angry, inadequate men.

Ann Richards
Fort Thomas, Ky.

Letters

I would not like your readers to get the impression that I or any other responsible writer about sex commends sitting on an electric frypan, or putting someone else there, as a variation of foreplay.

You grossly confuse aggressive-looking behavior, which is playful and appears to please "one couple in three," with genuinely hostile routines that are compulsive or vicious. That confusion could be dangerous for many people today whose zeal for experimentation exceeds their common sense.

Alex Comfort, M.D., Associate Professor
Neuropsychiatric Institute, U.C.L.A.
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Ending the Embargo

President Reagan has lifted the grain embargo on the Soviet Union [May 4]. Never let it be said that America allowed a single Soviet soldier in Afghanistan to go hungry, or deprived the Soviet army on the Polish border of its daily bread.

Leon E. Soniat Jr.
Metairie, La.

The President was right in lifting the grain embargo. It was insignificant as long as other wheat-producing countries did not rally behind the U.S. The embargo only increased the grain sales of other nations and drove down the price of U.S. wheat. Lifting the embargo showed that Reagan lives up to his word.

Jean Y. Chiotti
Emporia, Va.

German Jets in Britain

With your story "A Conditional Reprieve" [April 20], you published a picture of Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger sitting in a Tornado jet at a British airbase. Would you explain how a plane with German air force markings, accompanied by air force officers in German uniforms, was at a British airbase?

Tomasz Ostrowski
San Diego

Three nations—Italy, West Germany and the United Kingdom—are participating in the development and production of the Tornado jet. Pilots from these nations are receiving their initial training in the use of the plane at Britain's Cottesmore Royal Air Force Base. The German officers had their own planes flown in from West Germany for the program.

Saudi AWACS

The Reagan Administration says that we must arm "moderate" Saudi Arabia because of the threat to the Middle East from the Soviet Union. No, say the Saudis, the threat is Israel, not the Soviet Union [May 4]. So the U.S. supplies the most modern advanced weapons and planes to satisfy the Saudis—even at the mortal peril of Israel.

Henry S. Smull
Miami

President Reagan has decided to sell special fuel tanks to Saudi Arabia for its F-15 fighter planes, which will enable it to reach and bomb our towns. During his recent visit, Secretary of State Alexander Haig called Israel "our permanent ally." I shudder to think what foreign statesmen who don't think of Israel as a permanent ally might do to us.

Josef Sryck
Tel Aviv

According to our Congressmen, it's O.K. to sell the latest offensive aircraft, the F-15s and F-16s, to Israel. But selling defensive aircraft like AWACS to Saudi Arabia is wrong. This country couldn't ask for a better friend in the Middle East than Saudi Arabia. Yet Congress continues to insist on treating the Saudis as if they were lepers.

Mike Hergenhan
Newburgh, N.Y.

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In New York: Mortar and the Cathedral

In the Middle Ages, cathedrals often took hundreds of years to build. Slowly stretching skyward, they consumed the passionate skill and, indeed, the entire lives of generations of carpenters and stonecutters. The building of a cathedral, after all, is mystical work. It requires men to celebrate the glory of God in stone, with each individual stone serving as the unique calling card of the mason who finishes it and sets it in place. The architectural reach toward heaven drove men to build ever higher, to put in larger and larger windows, to shape cathedrals of lighter and lighter stone until, at places like Beauvais and Amiens, cathedrals seemed to be made of wind and glass.

This arcane form of prayer has been little known in the New World. But now, after a 38-year delay, a dozen hand-picked local apprentices under the direction of an English master builder are hard at work trying to finish Manhattan's Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine. They are building a gallery and two towers above the western façade, appropriately named for Sts. Peter and Paul.

The man in charge is James Robert Bambridge, 53. He earned his rank of master builder by finishing the Anglican cathedral in Liverpool, an effort that took ten years, from 1967 to 1977. Before that, Bambridge was called in to restore the Houses of Parliament after World War II.

In a time obsessed with speed, when pride in workmanship is in decline, the very existence of such a project is both a challenge and a contradiction in terms. To build the 153-ft. towers, fully 24,000 pieces of Indiana limestone must be cut and individually shaped. The project is expected to take 30 years, and real construction cannot even begin until 7,200 stones have been finished. "We are working just as they did in medieval times," says Bambridge. "In the 18 months since work began we have completed over 1,000 stones."

Financing of the work has moved at a similar pace. When the project began, the cathedral had $5 million in the kitty, enough for five years' work. But there has been much anguish over whether the estimated $21 million needed to finish the job wouldn't be better spent on the poor. "I am a people person, not a stone person," admits the Right Rev. Paul Moore Jr., the cathedral's liberal bishop. "At first I was opposed. But the public response has been overwhelming." Moore is now a strong partisan of the project.

The original work on the cathedral stopped in December 1941 because of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. But Architect Ralph Adams Cram left plans for the towers, which Bambridge now consults in a dungeon-like room under the bishop's office. "It's like a giant jigsaw puzzle," he explains, pottering around in a pair of tartan carpet slippers. Bambridge makes large drawings of the more complicated bits—perpendicular tracery, buttresses, gables, turrets and pinnacles. From the blueprints, he designs each stone individually on a numbered job card marked with height, width, length. There is also a scale drawing to show the apprentice stonecutter what the finished stone should look like. "To be a good mason you must have an eye for surfaces," says Bambridge. "You must visualize the finished job before you start, so when you drop down into the stone with your chisel, you know where you are headed. Keep your elbow tucked tightly to your side. Don't tap the stone like a chicken. Be authoritative. Strike the chisel forcefully with regular beat. I was careful to pick people who are not discouraged by cold hands and feet."

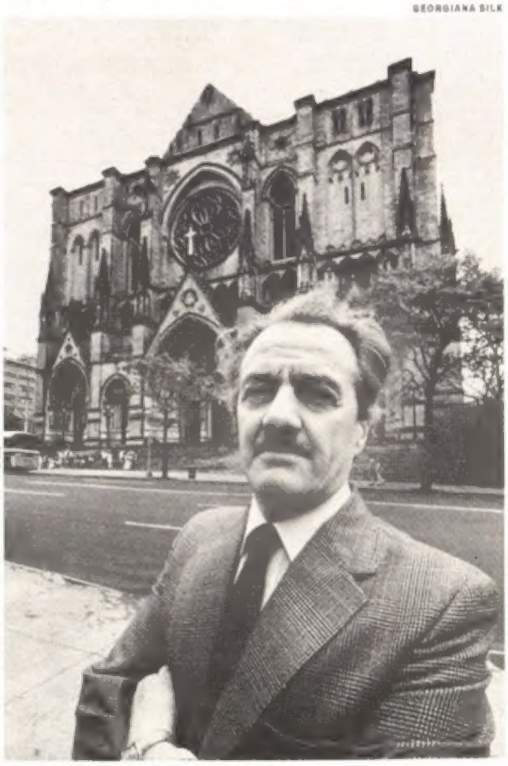
The yard where the stonework is done has a machine shop and "banking shop." First, four apprentices cut ten-ton blocks of Indiana limestone into manageable pieces with a frame saw two stories high. The resulting slabs are sliced into smaller pieces, called stones, with circular saws that have diamond cutting edges. Then all the stones go to the banking shop, where apprentices, working at waist-high tables, shape them into basic cathedral building blocks (ashlars), cornerstones (quoins) and structural supports (pier stones).

The Bambridge work gang is no ordinary group of hardhats. Explains Poni Baptiste, 28, a black sculptor from nearby Harlem: "For those of us in the valley, the cathedral was the castle on the hill. I saw my friends killed by overdoses and by the cops. I wanted to be involved in social art. I love coming here. I can't leave any stone unresolved." Like medieval apprentices, Poni's fellow workers range in age from 20 to 35. Most came from the ghetto and have some interest in art. A few gave up good jobs to join the project. To work so hard for $7.50 an hour with wife and children to support, or parents, is itself an inspired commitment. Like the man who chose them, they all have a touch of grace and gentleness, a lust for stone, an eye for eternity.

"What fascinates me," says Ruben Gibson, 32, a black from The Bronx, "is when we lay the stone for the cathedral the same way it comes from the ground, the grain horizontal. St. John the Divine is really a gray mountain." Gibson is foreman of the machine shop. He supervises

GEORGIANA SILK

Poni Baptiste chiseling on a block



Bambridge and St. John the Divine

Manny Alvarado finishing an ashlar

the lifting of the big limestone slabs from the trucks. Then with chalk he diagrams each block with the outlines of the dozen or more stones that must be cut from it. "The great trick is not to waste any. They are very expensive and they cost as much to ship as to buy. We have to squeeze out every inch." Gibson spent two years in The Bronx as a monk in the Ethiopian Orthodox Church. Inside the cathedral, he will tell you, he soars beyond the "furthest reaches of space."

James Jamieson, 26, is a burly black who seems made of cannonballs. "I was an impatient person before I came here," he says with a grin. "Now I'm building something to last ten thousand years." Then he's off in a flurry of stone chips as he puts down his first draft, a half-inch cut, the width of the chisel, along the stone's edge. When he began with Bambridge, it took him three days to make an ashlar. Now he can turn one out in 15 minutes. Jamieson, an ex-butcher, has completed 18 months of his four-year apprenticeship. He finished second in a recent stonecutting competition to determine which of the apprentices would go to Bath, England, for special training. Next time he intends to be first.

The man who beat Jamieson is D'Ellis Kincanon, 25. Part Chickasaw Indian and wiry as a heather bush, Kincanon can tap stone all day on a pint of yogurt. His face is ecstatic, like a Sufi mystic's, as he finishes off a pier stone. "Everything works in sacred harmony," he says, but adds that he has never worked under such competitive conditions. "Already we're doing senior apprentice work. Bambridge is pushing us for all we are worth."

At 20, Joseph Apie is the baby, and the truest, rawest talent of them all. The dudes on his block in Spanish Harlem have seen Apie on television and they think he is righteous because he is doing something honorable. "I want to be here till the cathedral is finished," he says. "I know the stone will be here for thousands of years. People will come and look and marvel. Sometimes I finish a job and I say 'Wow!' and I sing to the stone."

Old masons say a man will rub enough skin from his hands to make an ankle-length smithy's apron before he masters the art of cutting stone worthy of dressing a cathedral. But in return he is the apple of God's eye, as this stoneworkers' fable illustrates: There was once a mason's wife who enjoyed watching her husband work in the cathedral while she sewed. The bishop knew them both and it became ritual to exchange pleasantries. One day the mason told the bishop his wife was dying and dearly wished to be laid to rest in the cathedral. The bishop haltingly explained such hallowed ground was not for masons' wives. Some weeks later his lordship politely inquired where the mason had buried his wife. "There," said the mason, pointing to a freshly set pier stone. He had mixed her ashes in the mortar. "You are very rare and precious to God," the bishop humbly replied. *—By James Wilde*

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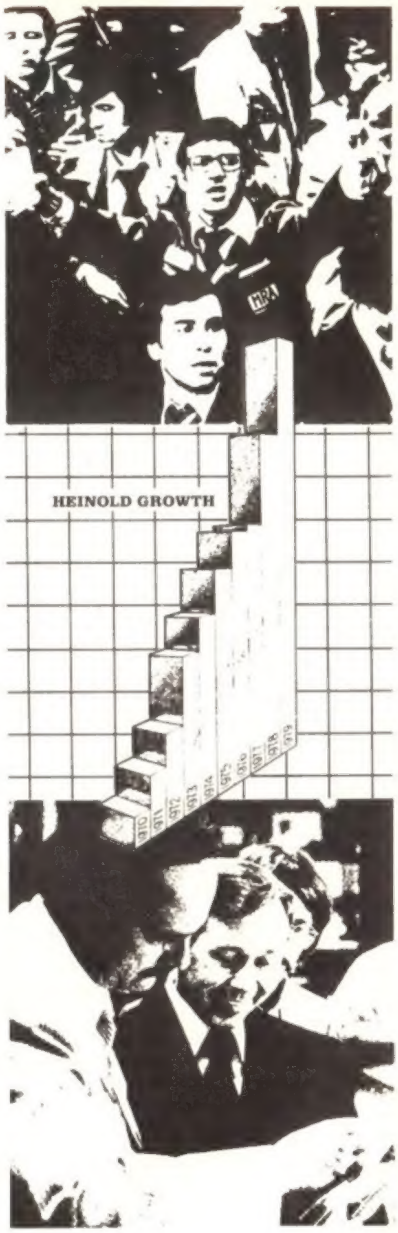

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Hand of Terrorism

A Pope of peace falls victim to a vengeful gunman

The visual tableau of a new territory of outrage: on a mellow afternoon in St. Peter's Square, John Paul II greets tourists and pilgrims in a sweet rite

An instant before it happened, one camera's eye caught a tableau that might serve as the late 20th century's most succinct text on the metaphysics of terrorism. There, on a mellow May afternoon at St. Peter's Square, beneath the encircling Bernini columns, the most vigorously gregarious of Popes rides slowly through a sea of tourists and pilgrims. It is a rite of sweet human communion. The Pope reaches out for babies in the crowd. He gently blesses the faces that give back a radiant daze of whatever it is that they see in the man—celebrity, charisma, holiness or, at least, a huge friendliness

But just there, floating from the left of the frame into the proceedings of history, like a shark's fin at the edge of a crowd splashing at the beach, moves a disembodied hand and its tense instrument, a blue-black pistol. It is poised there forever. And then it explodes at the Pope's white robe.

Terrorist spectacles have grown repetitious, even commonplace by this stage of a violent century. The global village that is the audience for such homicidal attention-getting may even be building up a sad, resigned tolerance for most of it. The world absorbs with only temporary disturbance the shocks of assassination attempts, skyjackings, long hostage melodramas and the bomb that levels the airport waiting room in the name of someone's liberation.

But the man who shot Pope John Paul II last week carried terrorism into a new territory of outrage. It seemed to much of the world that he had shattered a taboo that even assassins should observe. Nearly everyone repeated the question that the wounded Pope himself had asked: "Why did they do it?" To shoot at politicians may have become lamentably routine, but, as Canada's Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau said: "One must wonder whether our world has become so barbaric that it is incapable of respecting the lives of God's own messengers of

of human communion. In circle at left is that disembodied hand, holding a pistol ready to fire at its unsuspecting target

peace." It was hardly the first time it has happened, of course. After a militant Hindu nationalist shot down Mahatma Gandhi in 1948, George Bernard Shaw commented: "It shows how dangerous it is to be too good."

The terrorist assassin's goal is always drama and publicity; his chief professional concern is (to put it grotesquely) one of casting. So there was something tragically spectacular in Mehmet Ali Agca's choice of victim. A strike of such reptilian malice against one of the globe's few authentic moral and spiritual leaders was a fiercely pure example of terrorist logic: the act should produce a profound moral dislocation, shattering not only state law but also human sensibility. The terrorist seizes what people value most and crucifies it upside down; he aims to induce a paralysis of foreboding. Every terrorist dreams of squeezing just the right nerve in the neck of civilization, of getting the "sweet spot," of hitting it big, like Gavrilo Princip, the Bosnian student who assassinated Archduke Franz Ferdinand on the way from a ceremony in Sarajevo and brought all of Europe crashing down in 1914.

Agca hardly accomplished that. He was, on first examination, a strange specimen of indecipherable politics—radical right and radical left curving around in his brain and meeting each other going the other way. He appeared also to be what Joseph Conrad called one of those "unwholesome looking little moral agents of destruction" that now form a recognizable tribe: odd human blanks with politics one centimeter deep and no Dostoyevskian depths at all; well-dressed young men who move around the democratic world on jet planes with forged passports, flipping through small-arms catalogues. That tribe seems to be getting denser and more dangerous. Or at least that is what Agca last week wanted the world to think. —*By Lance Morrow*

Photograph by ANA Kronos

Moments before: the Pope greeting crowds in St. Peter's Square

At the instant: John Paul grimaces in pain at bullet wounds

Seconds after: aides shield the Pontiff from possible further shots

The agony: Pope supported by assistants as *campagnola* speeds away

"It's Like Shooting God!"

Anger at a would-be assassin, prayers for a much loved Pontiff

They assemble by the thousands regularly on Wednesday afternoons in St. Peter's Square: clergy and laity, Catholics and nonbelievers, pilgrims to Rome and ordinary tourists from every nation. Their common goal is to get a glimpse of the Pope, something that is far easier to do than it used to be. Papal general audiences were formerly held indoors, in St. Peter's Basilica, and the Pontiff was carried into the vast church on a portable throne called the *sedia gestatoria*, an aloof figure out of reach of the crowds.

But John Paul II, a Pope who believes that his mission is to carry the word of God by personal contact to anyone he can touch, has changed all that. Now, whenever the weather permits, the audiences are held outdoors in the square. Tickets, given out free by the Vatican as long as the supply lasts, are still needed by those who wish to occupy the rows of chairs and benches set up in front of the central obelisk facing the basilica. Large areas of the immense 20-acre square, however, are left open for anyone who can jam in through the encircling Bernini colonnade that the architect likened to arms of the church reaching out in love to embrace the world.

Under a spring sun that warmed the air to 66° F, a crowd of perhaps 15,000 turned out last Wednesday. It was a typical gathering: a multinational, multiracial group of waterworks officials attending a convention in Rome; Poles from St. Florian parish in Cracow, where the former Karol Cardinal Wojtyla had once been an assistant parish priest; cycling clubs from northern Italy with their bicycles; parochial school children from the U.S. shepherded by nuns; the ubiquitous Japanese tourists, cameras ever at the ready. At exactly 5 p.m., Pope John Paul II entered the square through the Arch of Bells, standing in his open-top, Jeep-like *campagnola*, which reporters have dubbed the Popemobile.

The Pontiff appeared relaxed and joyous. A mile and a half away, in the Piazza del Popolo, a rally organized by Italian political parties, ranging from left to center, was gathering to denounce an antiabortion proposal, strongly supported by John Paul, that was to be submitted to Italy's voters in a few days. But in St. Peter's Square, the throng was swept by the emotion that John Paul inspires in almost all who see him in person: simple friendliness. In every one of the 21 countries on five continents that the Pope has visited in his 2½ years in office, huge crowds have responded eagerly and spontaneously to his informality and delight in human contact

So it was as the Popemobile circled St. Peter's Square through a narrow lane formed by low wooden barricades. The crowd cheered and waved white-and-gold papal flags. In the speech that was to conclude the audience, the Pope intended to revert to one of his consistent themes: the duty of the rich to help the poor. John Paul was commemorating the 90th anniversary of Pope Leo XIII's pioneering social encyclical *Rerum Novarum:* the draft of the speech, which as usual John Paul had written himself, asserted that the encyclical "was not only a vigorous condemnation of the undeserved misery of working conditions of that time, in the early years of the Industrial Revolution, but above all, laid the foundation for a just solution to the problems of human coexistence, which go under the name of 'social problems.' " John Paul's conclusion the Roman Catholic Church insisted that "great profits had to be placed at the service of the common good."

In the moments leading up to the speech, the Pope was reaching out to the crowd. He swept babies into his brawny grasp and kissed them, touched outstretched hands, extended his arms in blessing. At 5:19, the Popemobile had nearly completed its second and final circuit of the square. John Paul had picked up and held high a little girl, her blond hair tousled as he hugged her. After he put her down, recalls Pietro Volpicelli, an onlooker who was standing only 10 ft. away, the Pope was leaning out of his car and "giving his hand to a girl dressed in white."

The shots rang out

Three, perhaps four or more; no one could be positive. But the crowd knew instantly what had happened. Witness after witness was to liken the noise to the "popping of a string of firecrackers," —a description made so familiar by assassinations and attempted assassinations that it is now repeated instinctively. A woman who had been standing near the Pope told a reporter confidently: "It was a Browning 9." She had heard the sound of shots many times in her native Northern Ireland, to whose warring factions the Pope in September 1979 had made an impassioned but vain plea, "on my knees," for an end to violence.*

F. PREISIG – SIZ/MAGNUM

Bullet casing found on square

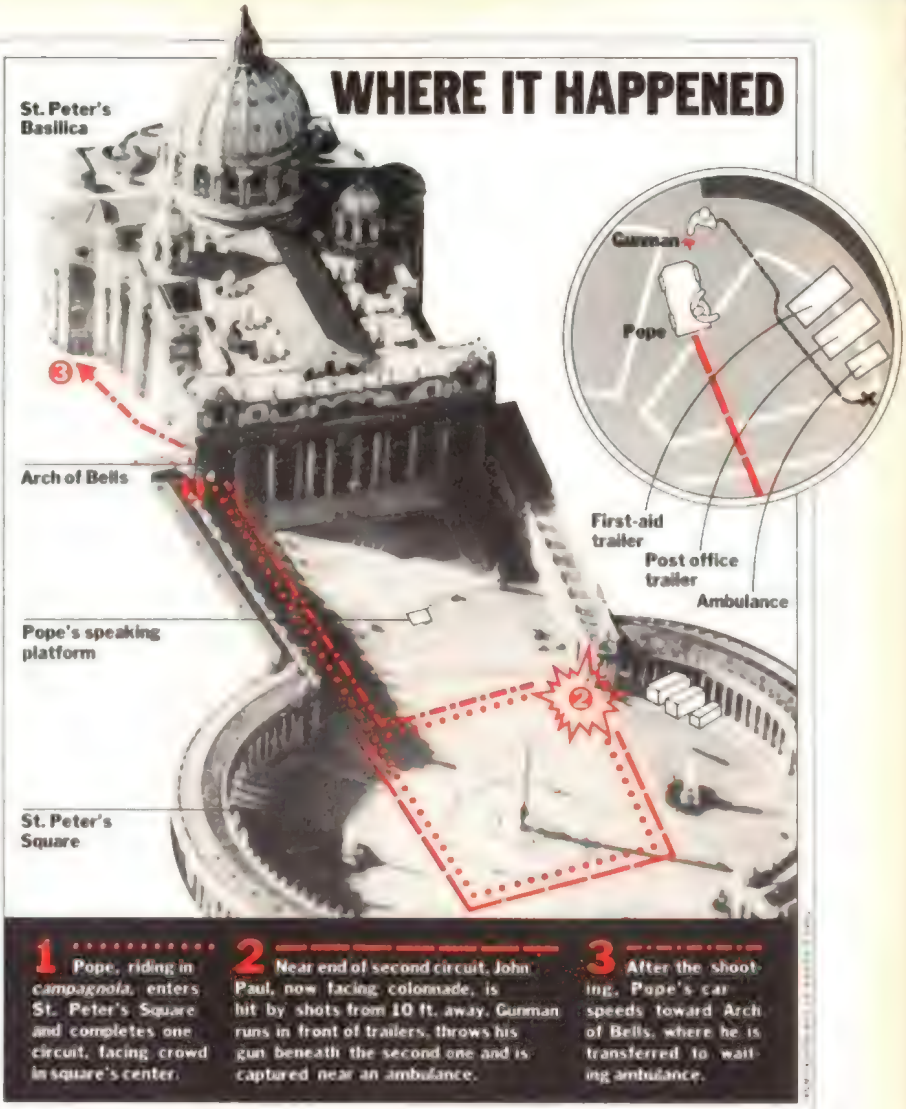
The Pope stood immobile for an instant. Then he collapsed backward into the arms of his personal secretary, Monsignor Stanislaw Dziwisz. The Pope looked at his hands, one of which was bloodied. Bright red blood began to spurt from his abdomen onto his gleaming white cassock. Francesco Passanisi, inspector general of the Vatican police, who had been following close behind the *campagnola,* leaped aboard and ordered the driver to "move back and forth," presenting a blurred target for any further shots. Recalled Passanisi later: "As I was supporting the Pope, he was saying 'Thank you, thank you.' And he repeated that I should not worry."

After a few seconds of evasive action, when it became clear there would be no more shots, the Popemobile moved off as rapidly as its small engine could drive it through the Arch of Bells to an ambulance that is always parked near papal appearances. Attendants followed standing emergency orders: to take the Pope not to Holy Spirit Hospital, one of the largest in Rome, which is just around the corner from the Vatican, but to the Gemelli hospital, on the outskirts of the city, a little more than two miles away. Reason: Gemelli, a Catholic hospital supervised by a board of bishops, is reputed to be Rome's best medical facility, with the most modern equipment and highly skilled doctors

On the 20-min. drive to Gemelli, John Paul, bleeding profusely, softly murmured "Madonna, Madonna" in Polish. As the ambulance pulled up to the emergency entrance, an attendant jumped out and

*The woman was right. Police recovered a Belgian-made Browning 9-mm semiautomatic pistol, similar to a 38-cal gun, flung away by the would-be killer after the shooting

WHERE IT HAPPENED



1 Pope, riding in *campagnola,* enters St. Peter's Square and completes one circuit, facing crowd in square's center.

2 Near end of second circuit, John Paul, now facing colonnade, is hit by shots from 10 ft. away. Gunman runs in front of trailers, throws his gun beneath the second one and is captured near an ambulance.

3 After the shooting, Pope's car speeds toward Arch of Bells, where he is transferred to waiting ambulance.

After a Grueling Operation, Hope

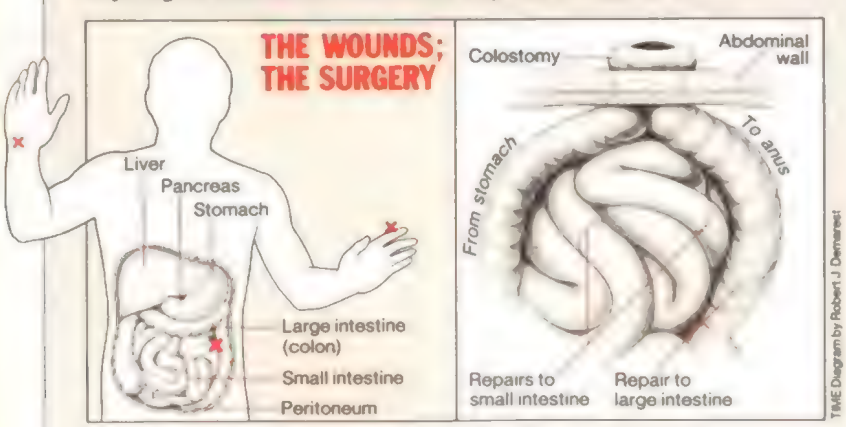
By the time the Pope reached the Gemelli Polyclinic, he was barely conscious and bleeding heavily. A team of doctors headed by Francesco Crucitti immediately began the work of assessing the injuries. A sample of his blood was taken for quick typing (he requires not-too-common Type A, Rh-negative), and the doctors started giving him fluids intravenously. General anesthesia was administered through a tube inserted down his throat, which also facilitated breathing.

After opening the abdominal cavity with an incision of about six to eight inches, the doctors made a careful inspection to see if the twisting bullet had damaged any major blood vessels or organs. There was special concern that it might have hit the pancreas, which produces digestive enzymes that can dissolve tissue and, if they leak out, cause severe inflammation. Fortunately that vital organ escaped damage. Then the doctors ran their gloved hands along the entire 20-ft. length of the small intestine and the 5 ft. of large intestine. Typically this inch-by-inch examination is repeated two or three times to make certain no injury escapes notice. Any bleeding vessels are quickly sewed and any holes in the intestine are clamped. The first objective is to halt the loss of blood to keep the patient from slipping into shock—the most immediate danger in abdominal wounds. The other is to prevent the seepage of infection-causing bacteria into the abdominal cavity.

The entire cavity was also washed with an antiseptic solution. As one doctor bluntly put it: "He had a bellyful of blood and feces." Throughout the procedure, the emergency team monitored vital signs and administered life-sustaining fluids. The Pope was given six pints of blood, about three-fifths of the body's normal circulating volume.

Only then was it possible to turn to the actual job of repairing the extensive damage: multiple wounds in the small intestine, in the lower part of the colon (large intestine) and in the mesentery (the tissue that holds the intestine to the rear abdominal wall). The doctors apparently removed two damaged sections of the small intestine and one of the large intestine, then sewed the ends back together. The surgeons also performed a temporary colostomy, rerouting the colon through a hole they created in the abdominal wall. A colostomy allows wastes to be collected in an external bag, giving the lower end of the intestine a chance to heal. The doctors now say that in about a month the colon can be reconnected.

By the next day the Pope's pulse rose slightly, to 105 beats per minute, but his temperature remained near normal. He was in considerable pain, predictably, as the doctors explained. There is always a danger of complicating infections that sometimes develop after major abdominal injuries. To reduce that risk the doctors dosed him with antibiotics. Said Crucitti: "I do not hide that the situation is grave and the next few days will give us the answer, which we hope will be favorable." If there is no crisis, in several days the Pope will probably begin drinking liquids and eating semisolid food. Even before the colon is rejoined, he should start light exercise like walking and resume limited activities, though it may be six weeks or so before he will appear in public again. If healing is normal, as is usual in well-tended abdominal wounds without damage to major organs, there should be no serious, long-term consequences.



shouted to stunned doctors and nurses: "It's the Pope! It's the Pope!" John Paul was wheeled swiftly to the intensive care unit, given a blood transfusion and taken to the ninth-floor surgical clinic. As he was being moved into surgery, the Pope, fully conscious, posed to a male nurse the question that recurs with such dreadful frequency amid the mindless violence that grips the world: *"Perchè l'hanno fatto* [Why did they do it]?" John Paul was not hinting that he had seen more than one would-be assassin but simply wondering at the madness of them all.

The Pope had apparently been hit by two bullets, fired from only a few yards away. One shattered the two joints of the ring finger of his left hand, ricocheted and grazed his right arm. The other blasted into his abdomen, passing completely through his body and ripping up the Pope's intestines but narrowly missing his pancreas, abdominal aorta and spine. For 5 hr. 25 min., as rumors flew around the world and hospital patients in bathrobes mingled with Italian dignitaries and journalists to exchange shocked speculation, surgeons labored to take out several pieces of the Pope's intestine and perform a colostomy, which would remove wastes outside his body *(see box)*. Giancarlo Castiglioni, chief of surgery at the hospital, flew back from Milan to join the surgical team halfway through the operation. At length Castiglioni emerged to brief reporters. He was still wearing his green gown; his eyes were red-rimmed with exhaustion. In a barely audible voice, he announced: "The prognosis is reserved [because of the danger of infection], but there is hope that the Pope will recover and stay with us." He turned aside detailed questions on the ground that they delved into "delicate matters."

Back in St. Peter's Square, pandemonium reigned. As the Pope collapsed, two women who had been standing near his car also fell, hit by bullets intended for John Paul. They were rushed to Holy Spirit Hospital. Both were Americans. Rose Hall, 21, originally from Shirley, Mass., and now married to a Protestant missionary posted in Würzburg, West Germany, had her left arm broken by a slug. Ann Odre, 58, a widow from Buffalo and a devout Catholic who had just realized her longtime dream of seeing the Pope, was hit by a bullet that lodged in her abdomen. At week's end she was in serious condition after a long operation to remove her spleen.

Some people in the crowd had noticed a slender, swarthy young man arguing with a group of pilgrims lining the low wooden barricades along the Popemobile's lane; he seemed to be telling them that they were blocking him from getting close to the Pontiff. As the Pope's vehicle drew near the spot, the man suddenly burst through the crowd. A photographer caught the picture that froze the following moment of horror *(see opening pages)*:

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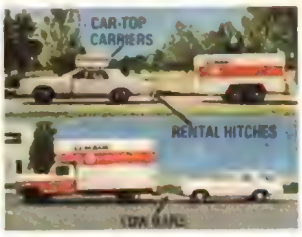

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a gun poking out of the forest of outstretched hands waving at John Paul.

Immediately after the shots, witnesses who were only a few feet away told TIME, the young man edged out of the crowd; his face was tense, and his extended arm still held the gun. He almost backed into a first-aid trailer parked near the scene, then turned around and ran toward the columns and the streets of Rome. But he was spotted almost immediately and chased by Vatican plainclothes security guards and numerous members of the crowd.

The gunman darted behind an ambulance (not the one to be used by John Paul) parked near the columns. When he reappeared he was held in a tight headlock by a tall, blond plainclothesman and surrounded by five or six others who hustled him through the throng. Had he not been seized by the plainclothesmen, he would surely have been trapped and held by the shocked and outraged crowd. Said one bystander who gave chase: "We would not have left even the buttons on his coat."

The captured man was taken first to the Commissariato Borgo, the Vatican police headquarters. But the Vatican has only religious courts; under the terms of the 1929 agreement with Italy that recognized Vatican City as an independent state, crimes committed on its 109-acre territory are prosecuted by the Italian government. The gunman was quickly bundled into an armored car and driven to central police headquarters in downtown Rome.

During twelve hours of almost uninterrupted interrogation conducted at a small table in a bare-walled chamber, the gunman's identity emerged. He was Mehmet Ali Agca, a 23-year-old Turk, a convicted murderer and a jailbreaker. In the words of Alfredo Lazzarini, head of the Rome police antiterrorist squad, Agca was also "a terrorist with a capital T." He was considered so dangerous that Turkish police had been given orders to shoot him on sight.

Agca had shot and killed the editor of a liberal newspaper in early 1979 in Istanbul. Sentenced to death, he escaped from a maximum-security prison, leaving behind a note threatening to kill John Paul II ("the masked leader of the Crusades"*), who was about to visit Turkey. Lazzarini described him as "cold, lucid" under interrogation, but his motives were a muddle: he called himself a "pro-Palestinian Communist comrade," but he had belonged to a neofascist organization in Turkey nicknamed the "Gray Wolves." Police found a note in Turkish in his pocket saying: "I am killing the Pope as a protest against the imperialism of the Soviet Union and the United States and against the genocide that is being carried out in El Salvador and Afghanistan." The only thing that seemed completely clear about his mind was the intensity of the hate it harbored.

None of that was known to the stunned crowd in St. Peter's Square. Those near the scene of the shooting traded horrified speculation: the gunman was an Arab, a South American, an agent of the Soviet KGB. Some people on the far side of the square did not even realize what had happened. But then, as the Pope's ambulance was speeding away, loudspeakers that were to have amplified his talk announced over and over, in Italian, French, English and a variety of other languages (including Chinese): "The Holy Father has been wounded. We will now offer prayers for him, for his speedy recovery." People dropped to their knees, many weeping. A group of 450 Poles, some wearing the buttons of Solidarity, the independent labor union, sang hymns in their—and John Paul's—native language.

An hour after the shooting, Monsignor Justin Rigali, who translates John Paul's words into English at papal audiences, stepped to the microphone to announce: "We have just heard some good news on the radio. The Pope was not wounded in any vital organs, so the gravity seems to have waned." Only then did the crowd begin to disperse. By nightfall the lone remaining signs of its presence were gifts left by sorrowing pilgrims on the empty gilt chair from which John Paul would have addressed his flock: flowers, embroidery, a portrait of the Black Madonna of Czestochowa placed there by the Poles.

By then the news had long since burst on the world, which discovered that it is not so inured to such terrorism and violence as it may have thought. True enough, attempted assassinations of public figures have become so commonplace that many draw little attention. Threats and even close calls are routine. In February a grenade exploded in a stadium in Karachi, Pakistan, 20 min. before John Paul entered; the headlines were modest.

But that the Pope should actually be hit and wounded—that still had a unique capacity to stun. The outpouring of anger, outrage and sympathy for the fallen Pontiff was all but universal—far more extensive than it had been for Ronald Reagan six weeks before. Explained Amos Barak, a young Jewish businessman in Jerusalem: "Shooting presidents, that's politics, that I can understand. But shooting the Pope—it's like shooting God!"

The reaction of world leaders went far beyond the official statements of condolences that their aides have become so unhappily adept at phrasing. Said Reagan: "I'll pray for him." Soviet President Leo-

GERARD PAS

Cardinal Casaroli after the tragedy

Carrying On

The Roman Catholic Church is a far-flung hierarchy, ruled from the top. As Pope, John Paul II runs both Vatican and church with imperial power. But the autonomous city-state from which he governs is one of the oldest and most organized bureaucracies. If the Pope dies, administrative power goes automatically to the Vatican's *Camerlengo*, or Chamberlain, until a new Pope is elected. But when a Pope is sick or traveling, command goes to the Secretary of State, in this case Agostino Cardinal Casaroli, 66, the church's top diplomatic negotiator and the Pope's hand-picked and devoted No. 2 man. When John Paul fell in St. Peter's Square, Vatican housekeeping went on very much as if the Pope had just taken off on another trip.

As caretaker, Casaroli has limited but specific authority. In addition to running his own 300-man staff, which handles routine diplomatic business, he stands in for the Pope at weekly meetings of the Curia's Council of Cardinals, the Vatican's administrative leadership. He is also obliged to carry out all initiatives decided on and signed by the Pope. Among them: the long-planned creation of a pontifical council on the state of the family, and the publishing of the Pontiff's new decrees on the reform of canon law. But Cardinal Casaroli has no authority over policy on matters of faith or morals. Nor can he deal with petitions from priests requesting permission to leave the priesthood or grant any requests for marriage annulments. Perhaps more important, Casaroli cannot appoint cardinals or bishops, even though it is known that John Paul is anxious to name new bishops in order to give Africans, Asians and Latin Americans greater representation in the church.

*A strange charge to hurl at the present Pope, though the historical memory of the Crusades still rankles among some Muslims. They were military expeditions from Christian Europe aimed at reconquering the Palestinian shrines of Jesus' life from their Islamic occupiers. The First Crusade was inspired by Pope Urban II in 1095, and his successors encouraged several more. But the eighth and last Crusade ended in 1270, more than 700 years before John Paul II assumed the papacy.

The Pope

nid Brezhnev cabled the Pope: "I am profoundly indignant at the criminal attempt on your life." Dismayed West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt exclaimed: "I feel I've been hit in the abdomen myself."

Outgoing French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, who escaped a terrorist bomb in Corsica last month, sent a wire to the Vatican expressing "profound emotion," and he obviously did not exaggerate his feelings. An associate who was conferring with Giscard when the news came reported that the French President, who is noted for his icy reserve, experienced "an enormous shock." Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi told reporters: "I am too shocked for words. What more can I say?"

Throughout the world, Catholics flocked to churches to pray at special services for the Pope. At one such ceremony, in London's Westminster Cathedral, Basil Cardinal Hume delivered what may have been the most telling tribute to the Pontiff. Said Hume: "He is now at one with the countless victims of violence of our day. He, like them, has now followed in the footsteps of a Master who was himself so cruelly and callously tortured and killed. He, like his Master, refuses to condemn, is ready to forgive."

The grief was perhaps greatest in Poland. John Paul has been an inspirational force to his overwhelmingly Catholic fellow countrymen, who are struggling to liberalize their nation's Communist system without plunging it into anarchy. Acutely aware of the Pope's influence, Party Boss Stanislaw Kania, President Henryk Jablonski and Premier Wojciech Jaruzelski joined in a telegram wishing him a speedy recovery "so indispensable to fulfilling your mission in the service of the humanistic ideals of peace and the welfare of mankind."

Ordinary Poles poured out their feelings: postal authorities reported that half of all the telegrams dispatched in Poland Wednesday night were get-well messages to the Pope. Those who crowded into St. John's Cathedral in Warsaw for special services were startled to hear a tape-recorded message from their country's primate, Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, 79, who is said to be dying of cancer. In a strained voice he declared: "I am afflicted by various ailments, but they are nothing compared with the sufferings inflicted on the head of the church."

John Paul's travels have made him a familiar personality in every corner of the world, a beloved figure to many humble people who have seen no other celebrated name in the flesh. In Mexico, which the Pope visited in early 1979 on the first foreign tour of his pontificate, Ingracia López, 78, who had sat in the front row at one of the Pontiff's Masses, mourned: "He has such a great affinity for all Mexicans, such charisma, such heart. This shooting is an act of insolence." Brazilians, whom the Pope visited for twelve days last summer, referred to him in prayers as "John of God." In one dreary shanty town, where John Paul left his gold Cardinal's ring as a donation to the local church, a parishioner called him simply "the best man on earth."

By week's end the pall of shock and fear had begun to lift slightly. The Pope improved enough the day after the shooting to take Communion at a Mass said in his room by Monsignor Dziwisz, receive brief visits from some Vatican prelates and speak to his doctors. Carlo Cardinal Confalonieri, the Dean of the College of Cardinals and one of John Paul's visitors, reported that the Pope has "no resentment in him, but complete forgiveness toward" his would-be killer. Francesco Crucitti, a surgeon at the Gemelli hospital, said he had asked the Pontiff whether his pain had diminished. John Paul had replied: "I am hoping."

Other doctors described the Pope as "a little depressed" and running a slight fever. On Friday he began moving his arms and legs in physical therapy exercises and felt more cheerful. But because of the danger of infection following any such grave abdominal wound, the next few days will be critical. The most John Paul's doctors would permit themselves to say was that "nothing has gone wrong so far."

Meanwhile, police were trying to determine whether Agca had any accomplices, despite his insistence that he had acted alone. The gunman was formally charged with attempted murder of the Pope and of the two women who were wounded in the attack. If convicted, Agca could be sentenced to life imprisonment. He apparently will not be extradited to Turkey: an international treaty that has been signed by both countries exempts criminals from extradition to a country where they would face a more severe penalty (in this case, the penalty would be death) than in the nation where they are captured.

The world was left searching for new ways to express shock, grief, horror, apprehension. By now the words have all been said—again, and again, and again. But they acquired new poignancy last week. Of the millions of expressions of sorrow, none exceeded in directness and simplicity the cry of a sobbing woman in Madrid: "The world has gone mad!" *—By George J. Church. Reported by Roland Flamini and Barry Kalb/Rome*

VITTORIANO RASTELLI

The evening after: an emotional crowd of more than 30,000 jams into St. Peter's Square to pray for the recovery of the stricken Pontiff

Standing in sun-roofed car, Pope John Paul II greets Filipinos as he approaches a university rally in Manila

A Gift for Word, Drama and Symbol

John Paul has placed his firm mark on the papacy

"I appeal to you, in language of passionate pleading. On my knees I beg you to turn away from the paths of violence and to return to the ways of peace. You may claim to seek justice. I too believe in justice and seek justice. But violence only delays the day of justice. Violence destroys the work of justice."

He spoke on a blustery October day to an Irish throng within earshot of the border of Northern Ireland, where Roman Catholics and Protestants are engaged in tribal bloodshed. Now John Paul II, apostle of peace and justice, is himself a victim of terrorism. The killing continues in Northern Ireland and elsewhere. But if his words often go unheeded, the explosion of grief and affection as the Pope lay in a Rome hospital showed the extraordinary impact he has made, not just upon 700 million Catholics but on the world.

No prior Pope, not even John XXIII, has touched so many people of all creeds. Indeed, during an era that knows great political leaders only in memory —Churchill, Gandhi, Mao, Roosevelt —he is the premier personality on the international stage. Like those more conventional statesmen, he has a gift for word, drama and symbol, and an indefinable charisma. Unlike them, he has been a traveling celebrity seen in person by millions, his impact multiplied many times over, like loaves and fishes, through television and the press

Though he is only 31 months into his reign, John Paul is clearly on the way to making his mark in history. In an age of doubt and relativism he has compellingly set forth a philosophy of individual man as a sacred, significant and hopeful creation of God, and advocated human rights and economic justice for the poor. As a priestly catalyst he has changed the internal politics of his homeland, Communist Poland. Within the Roman Catholic Church he has striven dramatically to end the era of flux, confusion and experimentation that followed the Second Vatican Council of 1962-65. He is also ebulliently engaged in transforming the image, and even the function, of the venerable office

In Turkey on an ecumenical mission; at an open-air Mass in Iowa; in Warsaw during his homecoming tour of Poland

that he holds. At 61 this week, he is still young for a reigning Pope. He has the physique of a former quarryman, chemical factory hand and outdoorsman. If his strength carries him through this crisis, he is likely to use that vigor once again as a traveling evangelist on behalf of the joy of the Christian life.

Says Boston College President J. Donald Monan: "He has come to personify the most appealing values of Christianity. Its compassion, its understanding, its courage." In Rio, which the Pope visited in 1980, a resident spoke last week with corrupted theology but purity of spirit: "Everything improved here after his visit. He was a father to the people, a real god." But to liberated priests and nuns, to lay Catholics vexed over divorce and birth control, to political autocrats and to affluent, secularized Westerners, he has also been a bearer of razor-edged messages.

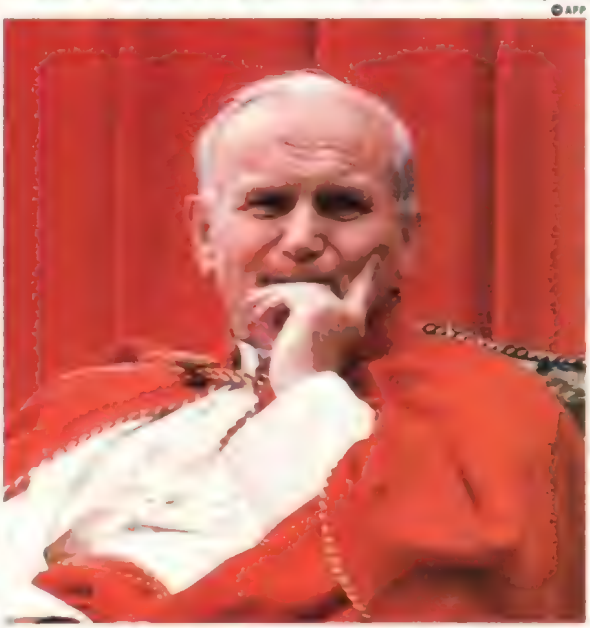
From the tropical jungles of Zaïre to the snowscapes of Anchorage, the Pope has shown an ability to make people applaud, laugh, cry and sing. Shedding the reserve of his predecessors, he has hummed along on the folk tunes, or joshed the crowds who would not let him go. In Cracow, Poland, as former parishioners serenaded him over and over by singing the traditional *Sto Lat* (100 Years) late into the night, a grinning John Paul said, "Do you really want your Pope to live 100 years? Then let me get some sleep!"

Typically the Pope journeyed to places where his people face special danger or opportunities. In Latin America, it was the temptations of Marxism and revolution. The "guerrilla Jesus" is an illusion, he declared. In the United States, it was democracy, but with a materialistic culture and a church that strays from papal teachings. In Africa, the danger lay in the mixture of ancient tribal ways with Christianity, the hope in the fastest growing church anywhere. In Poland, Communist control. Some destinations symbolized the horrors that mankind visits upon itself: Hiroshima and Auschwitz.

From his first encyclical through his 1979 United Nations speech and dozens of other utterances, John Paul has laid out a consistent social philosophy. Though it has often been called "contradictory," its fundamental concept is the intrinsic and unique value of individual human life that derives its status from creation by God and redemption offered through Jesus Christ. "Man is not simply an instrument of production," he declared. "Man has social and familial obligations and he has a destiny beyond the grave."

At home in the Vatican, as the Roman Catholic Church's chief executive, John Paul has practiced what one prelate calls "vertical collegiality." To curb the church in The Netherlands for having followed practices forbidden in Rome, he summoned the Dutch bishops to the Vatican for an extraordinary synod and reproved them. Paul VI feared having the regular synod of bishops discuss the church's unpopular policy on birth control. Last fall John Paul brought the issue before the bishops and came away with an uncompromising doctrine strengthened by international endorsement.

John Paul is fully committed to the popularizing reforms of Vatican II, including Masses said in vernacular languages and the need for ecumenical advance. But he is disinclined to move one inch beyond them. He even wants nuns in distinctive garb and priests in collars again. This puts him in direct conflict with large numbers of priests and nuns, mostly in Western Europe and the U.S., who want the church to accept women priests, object to celibacy of the clergy, and demand the broadest possible freedom of opinion among theologians. Millions of everyday Catholics are anguished over the very hard line he has taken on birth control and divorce.



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A meditating John Paul II during last year's visit to France

"Clearly positioning the church for the next century."

With John Paul lying in pain last week, criticism was muted. But before, it has often been forceful. There was talk of the return to an "imperial papacy," of "reaction" and references to "heresy hunts." But liberals within the church are divided, because they both need and very much admire John Paul as a strong advocate for the poor and oppressed.

In a celebrated 1979 broadside, the Pope's most celebrated critic, Theologian Hans Küng, questioned whether John Paul's human rights preachments could be "honest" as long as the Pope refused liberalization within the church. Two months later, the Vatican and Germany's bishops declared Küng no longer fit to teach theology on a Catholic faculty. That was only the harshest of several actions John Paul's Vatican has taken to rein in dissident theologians. Chicago Psychologist (and former priest) Eugene Kennedy sums up the strategy: "He is clearly positioning the church for the next century, where its source of strength will be in Africa. He may have sacrificed the Western intellectuals in the church, but in the long run they may turn out to be unimportant."

What will John Paul's lasting influence be? He hopes to create a strong, unified, revitalized, conservative church, and that would be a remarkable achievement. But it is by no means clear that even a personality as powerful as John Paul's can work such a miracle. Last year he joined in launching formal merger talks with the Eastern Orthodox Church—for the first time since 1054. Consultations continue with Anglicans and Protestants. But the Pope's own emphasis on papal power may prove the ultimate stumbling block. Harvard Theologian George H. Williams, a Protestant expert on the Pope's thinking, believes that John Paul is trying to prevent reforms that he endorses "from destroying the organizational and spiritual and moral unity of the Catholic Church. Ecumenism will emerge later, after he has consolidated the church."

If the Pope's wounds should force him to cut back on future travel, a good deal of his effectiveness may be lost. He is maneuvering for some kind of accommodation with Peking and with China's independent Catholics. There is talk of a papal intervention in the Palestinian problem. John Paul has a deep sense of the shifting currents and challenges of history. He speaks and thinks often of carrying the church to the year 2000.

There will doubtless be dramatic acts and gestures ahead, but the grand lines of his reign have been set. That is a pleasing prospect to a conservative like Lay Historian James Hitchcock of St. Louis University. "We may be emerging from the spiritual and intellectual crisis that has afflicted the Western world," he believes. "There is a yearning for spirituality, and the Pope with his strong personality will have a great impact. I expect him to be a great Pope. And I expect him to be Pope for a long time." —*By Richard N. Ostling. Reported by Wilton Wynn/Rome*

A Violent Pilgrim's Progress

Did he act alone, or as the agent of unknown others?

"I have killed the Pope." So proclaimed a triumphant message that Rome police found in a cheap hotel room rented by Mehmet Ali Agca. The statement was overconfident, but little else could be said with such certainty about the shadowy figure charged with shooting John Paul II. Despite intense interrogation, Italian police at week's end were a long way from answers to the key questions about the accused gunman. Was Agca a solitary fanatic or did he have organizational assistance? The police announced that Agca had insisted that he acted "alone, all alone," but the indictment against him spoke darkly of "complicity with unknown individuals."

Agca first told one story, then another. After his arrest, he said that he had been trained by the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (P.F.L.P.), the hard-line Marxist faction of the Palestine Liberation Organization led by George Habash. In Lebanon, a spokesman for Habash told TIME: "We know nothing about this man. We have never heard of him before. He has no connection with us." Indeed, at week's end Agca was saying that he trained in 1980 in Syria.

A Marxist connection would be a strange one for Agca, who won a place on Interpol's wanted list as a right-wing terrorist convicted of a political murder in his own country. Agca's rage seems to have been fired by poverty. Born in the township of Malatya Hekinhan, 300 miles east of Ankara, he lost his father, a miner, when he was barely eight. "From then on," recalled his grieving mother last week, "I could not control him." When young Agca became ill, the family could not afford a doctor. The unidentified disease, his mother believes, made him nervous and aggressive.

Later he left home, to study first literature at the University of Ankara, then economics at Istanbul University. There he became a devotee of terrorist politics. On June 25, 1979, when police swept into an Istanbul café notorious as a hangout for right-wing extremists, Agca was among those rounded up. He admitted to a crime that had gone unsolved for months: the assassination the previous February of Abdi Ipekci, editor of Istanbul's respected left-of-center daily *Milliyet*. He had done it, Agca said, in league with Turkey's now outlawed neofascist National Action Party. But Agca later insisted that he had acted on his own.

Agca went on trial in October 1979. On the night of Nov. 23, while the case was still being heard, he was secretly whisked out of his cell in an Istanbul maximum-security prison by 14 sympathetic military men—all of whom still await sentencing for assisting the getaway. Three days after the escape, *Milliyet* received a letter from Agca demanding the cancellation of an imminent visit to Turkey by Pope John Paul II. "The Russian imperialists," the letter reasoned weirdly, "fear that Turkey will organize a new power in the Middle East along with brotherly Islamic countries." They were therefore sending "a spiritual leader and commander of crusades, John Paul II." Warned Agca: "I will shoot the Pope if his untimely visit is not canceled." Killing the Pope, the letter added, would even the score for the 1979 attack by Islamic radicals on the Grand Mosque in Mecca, which, Agca charged, was "carried out by the United States and Israel."

A wide-eyed Mehmet Ali Agca at Rome police headquarters

One longstanding vow: "I will shoot the Pope."

The Pope, under heavy guard, visited Turkey without incident. Agca, according to Turkish security officials, soon found another target. He sought out and murdered the young man who had fingered him for the Ipekci killing. In February 1980 he fled Turkey via Iran, and apparently surfaced next in West Germany.

When Turkey claimed last week that West German authorities had failed to cooperate in pursuing Agca, Bonn at first insisted it had no proof that he had ever been in the country. But the next day, the Germans uncovered fearful evidence that Agca may have been lethally present. Agca's picture in West German papers, police say, bore a startling resemblance to composite sketches of an unknown killer in two murders of Turks in West Germany: the stabbing death of a journalist in Reutlingen near the Black Forest and the shooting of a grocer in the Bavarian town of Kempten. A witness to that shooting said last week the murderer had asked the victim, "Do you know Agca?" and killed him before he could answer.

There are some 1.5 million Turks in West Germany. *Gastarbeiter* (guest workers) and their families. Their close-knit ghettos near industrial centers would have given Agca plenty of cover, as they have for other extremists in exile. A contact with the P.F.L.P. would have been possible in such a ghetto. West German authorities say that militant Turkish right-wingers there have sent followers to Lebanon for training by the P.F.L.P. Turkish officials believe that members of Agca's own National Action Party were trained in Palestinian camps in Lebanon.

There is no solid evidence that Agca made such a journey, but he made a number of others on the way to his appointment in St. Peter's Square last week. He traveled to Rome at least three times before his most recent arrival and on one rail trip evidently brought in the Browning 9-mm used to shoot the Pope.

In early April, Agca was reported to be near Milan's cathedral by a woman who alerted the Turkish consulate; by the time police arrived he was gone. A few days later, he enrolled, under a false passport and the name Faruk Ozgun, at the University for Foreigners in Perugia. He attended language classes for only one day. Then, as if on a last fling, he was off on a two-week package tour to Palma de Mallorca; his tour operator remembered that he dutifully took all the sightseeing excursions.

On Sunday, May 10, Agca returned to Rome, checking in at the Pensione Isa, a colorless boardinghouse that is about a 15-min. walk from St. Peter's Square. It was there that police searched Room 31 and found Agca's Perugian student card, his false passport, an extra cartridge clip for the Browning and the letter in Turkish boasting of the Pope's death. In the familiar tones of 1979, it denounced "Russian and American imperialism" and made John Paul the scapegoat for both.

Agca had substantial cash in his pockets when arrested: $380 in Italian lire and another $50 in Swiss francs, and his travels had not been cheap. Who was supporting him—or might he have supported himself, as other terrorists have, with robberies? If his assassination attempt was ideological, what had Turkey's rightists, or for that matter Habash's P.F.L.P., to gain from the death of a Pope?

Somewhere in the tangled skein of Mehmet Ali Agca's life lay answers. As his story unravels in the weeks to come, the best news, after all, might be that he did indeed act alone. —*By Mayo Mohs. Reported by Roland Flamini and Wilton Wynn/Rome*

Security in an Age of Fear

No sure way to protect public figures or private citizens

Despite their Renaissance garb, the Vatican's famous Swiss Guards are not entirely decorative. They carry halberds, but submachine guns are never far away. At the bronze door of St. Peter's they are stashed in a brass umbrella stand, unnoticed by tourists who click away at the guards' fanciful uniforms. Vatican security is, in fact, a mixture of modern and medieval. Plainclothes Swiss Guards and men from the papal gendarmes hustle alongside the Pope's car when he appears for audiences, just as the Secret Service does for the President of the U.S. But the agents do not turn completely away from the Pontiff to scan directly for possible assailants: Paul VI ruled that it was disrespectful for the guards to turn their backs on the Pope

Outside the Vatican, Pope John Paul II is largely dependent on local police for his personal safety. Traveling in Italy, he rates a six-man motorcycle escort, busloads of carabinieri and plainclothes police in the crowd. In his 1979 visit to New York City, he was protected by thousands of policemen. In Japan last year police carried special steel racquets to bat away thrown objects—a quaint reminder of the success of the country's ultrastrict gun laws

The Pope's shooting brought one predictable result: security forces around the world began studying the case for lessons. "We are now analyzing the attempt on the Pope," says Günter Ermisch, a top security expert for West Germany. After the attack on President Reagan, Canadian authorities doubled the guard around Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau; they now clear the doorways of Parliament for five minutes before he arrives or leaves. The Secret Service refuses to say what new procedures it has adopted to protect President Reagan, but security is clearly heavier than it used to be.

Last week terrorists of the Provisional wing of the Irish Republican Army set off a bomb at a British Petroleum complex while the Queen was near by, reminding Britain that both its oil terminals and its royalty are highly vulnerable. Since the shooting of the Pope, the London press has complained about poor security for the Queen. One sign of the times: both Elizabeth II and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher appear heavier in recent photographs, and it is assumed that they sometimes wear bulletproof vests.

Fear of assassination may cut down foreign travel by politicians. Fifty African heads of state are due in Nairobi next month for a summit meeting, but according to one diplomat, "Kenya will be lucky if it gets even a third of the total." Australia, which has already committed $14 million for massive security at October's Commonwealth Conference in Melbourne, ordered a fresh review of plans after John Paul's shooting.

Ottawa is borrowing soldiers, customs officials and narcotics investigators to beef up security for July's Western economic summit. At least 2,500 security agents will be swarming around the conference, including some hiding in the brush by the river and some disguised as fishermen in canoes.

Motorcycle escort leads Pope in West Germany

At the Vatican, submachine guns in umbrella stands

It is not only Popes, Presidents and Prime Ministers who feel threatened Since John Lennon's murder, entertainers have an increased sense of vulnerability. Businessmen worry about kidnapings—of their families if not themselves. The result is a boom time for firms that discreetly offer protection at a price. These security firms offer little information on who their clients are and how they protect them. Some means are obvious: guard dogs, electronic sensors and scanners, highly trained chauffeurs driving armorplated limousines.

"We're selling a lot more bulletproof vests than we did a year ago," says a spokesman for CCS Communication Control, Inc. "And these are going to regular businessmen, not someone who is a bodyguard or in law enforcement." In 1978 the company turned a new Cadillac into a James Bond car for the Shah of Iran, adding a bomb sniffer, ducts that sprayed tear gas, machine-gun mounts and enough armor plate to withstand a grenade or a land mine. After he lost the Peacock Throne, the Shah refused title to the car, forfeiting a $50,000 deposit.

Tom O'Gara:, of California's O'Gara Coach Co., is a distributor of armored cars to 18 foreign governments and has done business with the wealthy in some 35 other countries. He says that his clients today are less enamored of armor and gadgets and more aware of the need for professional security men. "Hiring trained people will make a 300% increase in security," says O'Gara. "An armored car is a small part of the total security package."

Munich Psychologist Georg Sieber, a well-known security consultant In Europe, is not much impressed by gadgetry or bodyguards. Among his tips for worried businessmen: "planned irregularity" should be the byword: avoid golf and activities that attract big gatherings, like horse races; carry a small transmitter for S O S messages in emergencies. In the U.S. the most basic advice that security firms give to potential targets in industry is to keep a low profile: do not talk to the press or become a public figure, get out of the phone book, no names on company parking spots and no logos on company cars and planes. Tony Purbrick, who heads Pinkerton's executive and personnel protection program, was aghast to find that one client corporation routinely left its well-marked jet on an unguarded ramp and flight plans were widely circulated. "The first thing I had to do," he says, "was to get people to be just a little more secretive."

At some personal cost in convenience, private citizens can change their life-styles to acquire greater security. The problem is considerably different for public figures, except in such well-disciplined police states as China or the Soviet Union, where leaders appear in public only on state occasions. No elected President or Prime Minister could behave that aloofly and expect to win a second term. The courageous and the fatalistic among leaders will always take risks, but in certain small ways these can be minimized. New lightweight bulletproof vests should be worn. Open-car travel must stop. The public should be kept well back from entrances and exits —most recent assassination attempts have been from pointblank range. "There is no way you can provide complete protection," says one American security expert. "But you can give a subject protection from 15 feet away. The farther away you keep an assailant, the harder it becomes for him."

—By John Leo. Reported by Robert L. Goldstein/Los Angeles and Wanda Menke-Glückert/Bonn, with other bureaus

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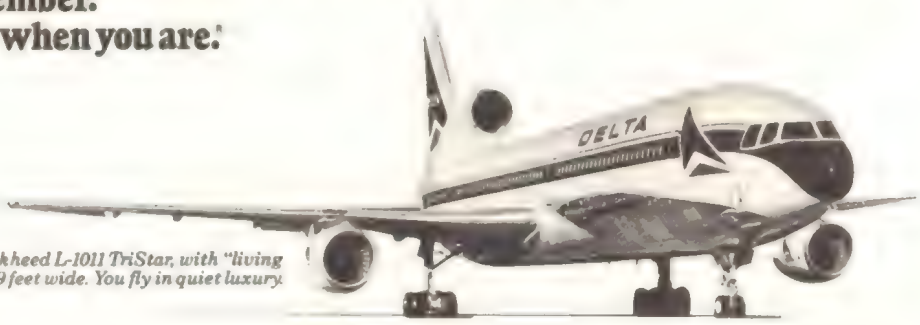


This is Delta's Wide-Ride Lockheed L-1011 TriStar, with "living room" cabins 8 feet high and 19 feet wide. You fly in quiet luxury.

A Slash at Social Security

The beefs are loud as budget cutters attack a "sacred cow"

In crafting his delicate package of budget cuts, Ronald Reagan carefully corralled a herd of "sacred cows"—Veterans Administration disability benefits and Medicare payments for the elderly, among other programs—that he vowed not to touch. Last week, in a move that ensured debate for months to come, the President proposed to chop away at perhaps the most sacred of all cows: Social Security benefits. The plan not only ignited protests from senior citizens' groups around the nation, but finally gave the badly bruised Democrats in Congress a battle they could enthusiastically join—and perhaps stand a good chance of winning. Proclaimed House Speaker Tip O'Neill: "I will be fighting this every inch of the way, and I hope that will be the position of every member of my party."

The proposals, as unveiled by Secretary of Health and Human Services Richard S. Schweiker at a press conference, would entail little reduction in monthly payments for the 36 million Americans already on the rolls or for those who join them before Dec. 31. Administration officials nevertheless calculate that the program of adjustments could save the Treasury about $9 billion in fiscal 1982 and an accumulated total of about $46 billion by 1987. Highlights of the plan:

▸ Workers who choose early retirement (between the ages of 62 and 65) after 1981 would get only 55% of the benefits they would have received at age 65, rather than the 80% mandated by current law. Those who retire at 62 next year, for example, would receive an average of $126 a month less than the $372 currently collected. Benefits would also be scrapped for children of early retirees (offspring under 18, or under 22 if they are still in school, are now eligible for payments).

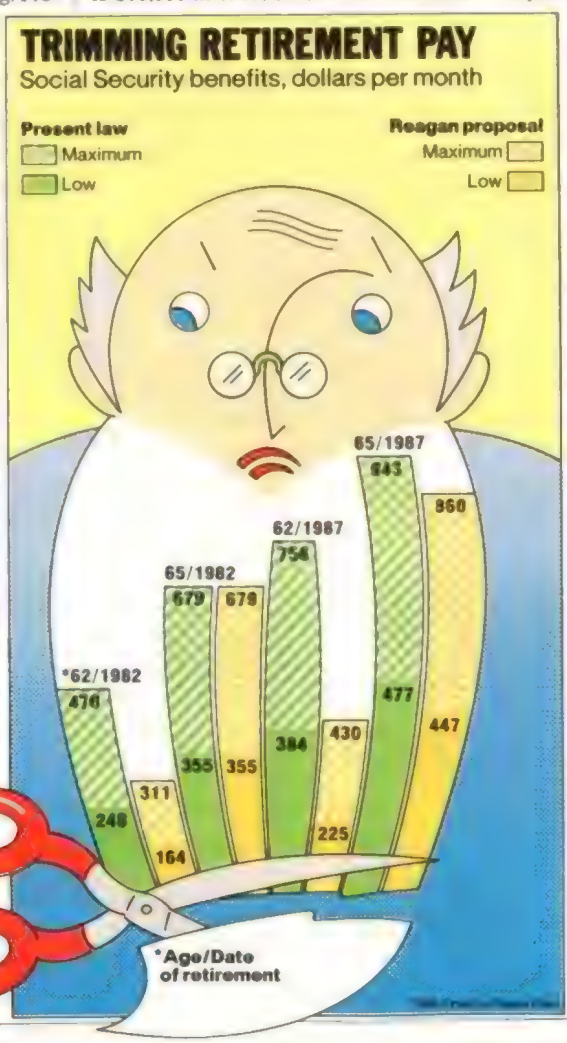
▸ The formula for calculating initial benefits for those who retire at 65 or over after 1982 would be jiggered downward over the next five years. The average worker retiring in 1987, for example, would get $719 a month under the present law, but would receive only $691.90 under Reagan's proposal.

▸ Beginning in 1982, the annual cost of living increase in benefits, which is based on the Consumer Price Index, would be paid out in October rather than July each year. Based on a projected inflation rate of approximately 8%, this three-month delay would save the Government about $3 billion in fiscal 1982.

▸ Under present law those who still work after 65 have their benefits cut by $1 for every $2 they earn over $5,500 a year. To encourage people to work longer, the Administration proposes lifting the ceiling to $10,000 in 1983, $15,000 in 1984, $20,000 in 1985 and then abolishing it completely in 1986.

▸ Federal and some state employees who are not covered by Social Security are now permitted to retire from their government jobs, work in positions covered by Social Security for a few years and then draw these benefits as well as their government pensions. The Administration proposes reducing Social Security benefits for these "double dippers" by taking their pensions into account.

▸ Disabled workers would be declared eligible for benefits only for strictly defined medical reasons; age, education and work experience would not be considered. Workers would also have to prove they had not been able to hold a job for 24 months prior to receiving payments rather than just twelve months, and would have to wait six months instead of five before collecting benefits.

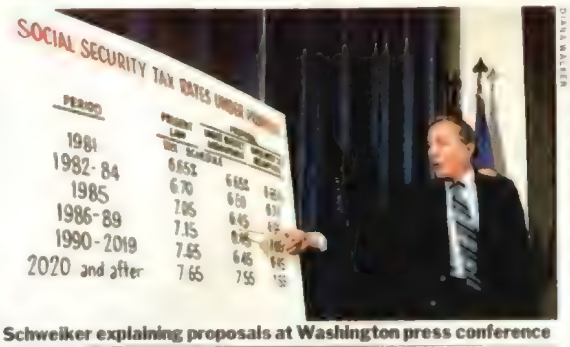


To sweeten the medicine of the benefit cuts, Schweiker pointed out that the savings might eventually snip the payroll tax rate levied on employers and employees alike from a projected 7.15% in 1986 to 7.05%. A worker in his 20s might thus shave about $33,600 off his contribution to the Social Security system by the time he retires at age 65.

Administration officials insisted that the proposals are needed to salvage a system that is teetering on bankruptcy. Created in 1935, the Social Security Administration originally paid benefits only to workers who retired at age 65; coverage was gradually broadened to include wives, children, the disabled and early retirees. In addition, payments were hiked by cost of living increases. With a negligible inflation rate and a high ratio of taxpaying workers to beneficiaries, the system hummed along smoothly and solvently for decades. In the 1970s, however, prices (which determine the level of payments) rose at a faster clip than wages (which determine how much money is paid into the system). As a result, Social Security funds were depleted at a much faster rate than ever anticipated.

Without some kind of imme-

diate reform, the system could run out of money as early as 1982. Contrary to popular assumption, the Social Security system was never constructed on the basis that what a worker paid in over his lifetime financed his own retirement checks; those working are instead paying for those who have retired. That design will suffer worse strains to come. In the early years of the 21st century, actuaries estimate, there will be only three American workers for every retired person, compared with five for every retiree today; so the system could go bust all over again. Declared Schweiker: "We're trying to stop the old lady from having no check at all."



Schweiker explaining proposals at Washington press conference

"We're trying to stop the old lady from having no check at all."

But those words were of small comfort to the elderly and their supporters across the country. "I think it's outrageous," said Lillian Pasquale, 75, of Miami. "Reagan is picking on the elderly. We're all going to end up in the poorhouse." Both the 50,000-member Gray Panthers and the American Association of Retired Persons have denounced the plan, and local groups are mobilizing to stage rallies and letter-writing campaigns. Said Frank Manning, director of the Massachusetts Legislative Council for Older Americans: "We feel that now that they have started to amend Social Security they won't stop. We have an uneasy feeling they have tasted blood."

Many fear that the cuts will most deeply hurt those who can least afford them. "Over 50% of all the people who retire on Social Security do not have private pensions," argues Frank Cassell, 64, a professor of industrial relations at Northwestern University. "That means whatever cuts turn out to be made, these people cannot make up in any way."

For those already on the Social Security rolls, the only trimming in benefits will be the delay of the cost of living increase by three months each year. Warns Professor Robert H. Binstock, 45, director of the National Aging Policy Center on Income Maintenance at Brandeis University: "The Oct. 1 delay will impose real hardship on millions of people next summer. The difference of $25 a month can put between 2 million and 3 million people below the poverty line."

Of great concern to many is the planned slash in benefits to those who choose early retirement. Some 70% of those who retire do so now before they reach 65—and obviously many who had been planning to do so in 1982 will have to think twice about leaving their jobs. Others point out that many retire early for health reasons, and they will be unfairly penalized.

The real battle over Reagan's proposed cuts will, of course, be waged in Congress, and the perception there among members of both parties is that the Administration has blundered. "They threw a life rope to Tip O'Neill," quipped Republican Senator Robert Dole of Kansas. The Democrats lost no time in launching their verbal offensive. "We'll find a way to make absolutely certain that the [Social Security] trust fund is actuarially sound, but we're not going to cut benefits," vowed House Democratic Majority Leader Jim Wright of Texas. "That's sneaky."

Many Republicans are also unhappy with Reagan's proposals, if only because they now draw attention away from the President's tax bill. "This ought to have come about the time we finished the tax package, so as not to stir up all the bees at once," complains Dole. But others in the Administration have hopes that some sort of bipartisan approach toward salvaging the Social Security system can be worked out—and that now is the best time to do so. Though White House Chief of Staff James Baker initially opposed pushing for the reforms until after the tax bill was voted upon, OMB Director David Stockman, Schweiker and others argued convincingly that the best time to tackle a program as politically sensitive as Social Security was when the President was riding high in the polls, as Reagan is now.

Social Security checks on presses in Philadelphia

The timing of the announcement was based on a promise that Schweiker had made to Democratic Representative J.J. Pickle of Texas, chairman of the House Ways and Means subcommittee that oversees Social Security. The Secretary had pledged that the Administration would make public its proposals before Pickle's subcommittee began work this week on its own bill to reform the system. Pickle, in turn, sounds remarkably receptive to striking a deal. "I'm taking the attitude that the President has made his proposal," he says. "Let's look at it and see if there might be some compromise. The important thing is we must pass a bill."

To be sure, the Administration probably acted too swiftly in putting together and announcing its recommendations. Reagan had less than one day to review and approve the proposals before Schweiker announced them at his press conference. No advance briefings were held, no public relations work was done to prepare the public for the cuts, and the Republican leaders of the House and Senate learned of the recommendations only hours before Schweiker's conference. The aura of haste surrounding the announcement was heightened by reports that Stockman wanted to delay the cost of living increases from July to October this year, rather than in fiscal 1982, as Schweiker had announced.

Administration officials now say they are willing to listen to alternative ideas. Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese, for example, acknowledged last week at a White House meeting that the Administration should consider phasing in the penalties against early retirees over several years, rather than imposing them at once. Yet the Reaganauts also remain steadfast in their commitment to achieve long-term solvency for the Social Security system and believe they will succeed. "The politics of Social Security have changed," says one White House aide. Just what changes are actually acceptable will be revealed in the months ahead as the debate over how to reform the system heats up. —*By James Kelly. Reported by Douglas Brew and Neil MacNeil/Washington*

Act II, Scene 1, Form 1040

Lots of characters in search of a tax cut

Act I of Ronald Reagan's economic program came off without a hitch. In Scene 1, two weeks ago, the President's budget proposal sailed through the Democratic-controlled House of Representatives. In last week's predictable though impressive Scene 2, the Senate passed the budget 78 to 20—a margin so wide that had not a single Republican voted (and 50 out of 52 voted aye), the Democrats alone would have carried the measure. But even before that scene was over, the impresario was turning his attention to the much trickier second act. At a White House reception for the 253 Representatives who had approved his budget Reagan cautioned: "What we did was only the first step. We have a big job ahead of us putting tax cuts into effect."

Just how big and difficult that job will be was evident during the week, as the players in the tax drama positioned themselves. In the leads are the White House, represented chiefly by Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, and the House of Representatives, whose main negotiator is Ways and Means Committee Chairman Daniel Rostenkowski. Publicly, at least, the White House is standing fast by its original tax-cut program, based on a 1977 proposal by two Republicans, Congressman Jack Kemp of New York and Senator William Roth of Delaware. Its main and most controversial feature is a 10% across-the-board reduction in personal income taxes in each of the next three years. In fiscal 1982, the first year, $44 billion would be slashed from personal taxes. Rostenkowski has countered with a one-year, $28 billion tax-cutting proposal for individuals, more weighted in favor of taxpayers with low and moderate incomes.

There are parts aplenty. In the Senate waits Finance Committee Chairman

Ways and Means Chairman Rostenkowski

Senate Finance Committee Chairman Dole

Robert Dole, who is barely lukewarm to Reagan's tax plan, and Louisiana's Russell Long, the committee's ranking Democrat. Long and his House counterpart, Barber Conable of New York, ranking Republican on the Ways and Means Committee, do not command enough votes to pass a tax bill, but both have the power to grease, or gum up, the works. Long has said, only half in jest, "I think every Senator should have at least one amendment" to the tax measure.

The President's tax proposal, unlike his spending cuts, does not enjoy broad voter support and is widely seen as inflationary. That view is especially virulent on Wall Street, where concern over inflation and high interest rates has rocked the bond and stock markets in the past few weeks. As a result of that skepticism, says one White House aide, "a clever overall strategy" will be needed if the President is to have his way on taxes. That may include a multimillion-dollar advertising campaign, financed in part by the Republican National Committee, to drum up support in conservative congressional districts. The strategy will almost certainly also involve an accommodation.

The shape of a compromise began to emerge last week as the Administration exchanged hints with the other players. An important signal came when Rostenkowski remarked on television that he could see the possibility of a two-year tax package. Another came later in the week, when Dole announced that the President's tax bill lacked support on the Finance Committee. It was a warning to the White House not to take the Senate for granted.

The messages got through. Secretary Regan picked up Rostenkowski's hint and passed word, through Conable, to "tell Danny that I want to talk to him." Dole's signal was also received, and he was brought into the dialogue. These talks laid the basis for what may eventually be a Dole-Rostenkowski tax bill, which, noted one aide, would have the advantage of allowing everyone to take credit for "a statesman-like compromise" while removing the partisan Kemp-Roth label.

The compromise package may in fact be two bills. The first would feature something approaching Reagan's 10-10-10 tax cut plus Rostenkowski's proposed reduction of the maximum tax on unearned income (now 70%). The second would offer some of the other reforms contained in Rostenkowski's proposal. Among them: reduction of the "marriage penalty" for two-earner families (who pay a higher rate than working couples simply living together) and incentives for saving. To finance both plans, it might be necessary to delay the date the first cuts take effect. That move would have the added appeal of reducing the budget deficit for fiscal 1982—a sop to Wall Street and conservative Congressmen.

The success of any Dole-Rostenkowski bill will, of course, depend on the cooperation of Rostenkowski. While the Illinois Democrat seems willing to bargain, he cannot do so effectively until his own committee agrees on a common strategy. Right now, says one member, "they are

Russell Long, ranking Democrat on Finance

all over the lot." It was no wonder then that Rostenkowski described his first meeting with Treasury Secretary Regan last week as "inconclusive, but not discouraging." The Secretary did not put all his cards on the table, but neither did the Congressman. "Regan was three years, two years, three years," says Rostenkowski. "I was one year, one year, one year." But, he notes, "it was just the initial talk." Just Scene 1 in what promises to be a very long second act. *—By Claudia Wallis. Reported by David Beckwith and Neil MacNeil/Washington*

"Just flip 'em on their backs, Alex—they can't be any tougher than Congressmen."

Trying to Build a Foreign Policy

But the world won't hold still for Reagan's global strategy

The new Administration's foreign policy has so far been guided by a basic them-or-us strategy: trying to construct an allied consensus to counter Soviet expansionism. The Soviets are not the only ones who make that difficult. An unexpected election result in France, a rocketing confrontation in the Middle East that neither superpower wants, and contrary congressional committees are just a few of the roadblocks confronted by those who formulate policy in an uncertain world.

The election of Socialist François Mitterrand as President of France had been predicted by the CIA, but not by Secretary of State Alexander Haig. Thus, when President Reagan returned from Mother's Day at Camp David, he found the State Department's draft of the obligatory telegram of congratulations too stiff. Not delivered until the morning after the election, it did contain a gracious Reagan touch: "Only those who have devoted years-long dedication to winning the presidency can fully appreciate what today's reaffirmation of the democratic process in France represents." But the Administration does not quite know what Mitterrand stands for (*see* WORLD), and there is considerable apprehension that he may include members of France's pro-Soviet Communist Party in his Cabinet after next month's parliamentary elections. If that should happen, said a State Department official, "all across-the-board relations would be difficult."

A more immediate worry was the dispute between Israel and Syria over Syrian missiles in Lebanon. Another war in the Middle East would shatter Haig's hope that moderate nations there would form some kind of "strategic consensus" against the Soviet Union.

One regional problem that the Administration fears could lead to an expansion of Soviet influence is the struggle in black Namibia (South-West Africa), which is trying to gain independence from white-ruled South Africa. Elections in Namibia would probably lead to a Marxist government. Reagan and Haig both met last week with South African Foreign Minister Roelof F. ("Pik") Botha and they agreed to support a formula that would guarantee the rights of the white minority before any elections are held.

Congress also caused the Administration problems last week. The House Foreign Affairs Committee bucked White House pressure and voted (19 to 5) to keep the ban on U.S. aid to the UNITA rebels fighting the Cuban-backed government in Angola. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee the next day voted (10 to 2) the other way, but only after adding language requiring the President to consult with Congress before providing any aid. The matter may have to be settled in a House-Senate conference. Both congressional panels also recommended imposing restrictions on aid to El Salvador and Argentina that would tie assistance to improvements in human rights conditions. The Administration feels such restraints limit its flexibility in conducting foreign policy. Says Haig: "The constitutional responsibility of the President for the conduct of foreign affairs must be reaffirmed."

The rhetoric of the Administration remained focused on its tough line against the Soviets and their surrogates. TIME has learned that at a private briefing with Republican Congressmen, Haig charged that Cuba has resumed "massive" arms shipments to Latin American trouble spots. He told the Congressmen: "We've got to stop this." A blockade of the island, he said, "is something that can't be dismissed." He hinted the Administration may move rapidly while the President is at the peak of his popularity.

Thus far the Administration has had creditable success in influencing European allies to follow its policy of shoring up Western security. In Brussels last week for a meeting of NATO defense ministers, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger was able to win agreement on increased European military spending. He also broached the delicate question of allied support for the proposed U.S. Rapid Deployment Force, designed for quick action in Middle East conflicts. The discussion, he said later, was "very satisfactory."

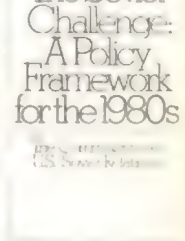
One Administration action that reflected its tough anti-Soviet attitude turned out embarrassingly last week. Seven FBI agents and 20 customs officers descended on an Aeroflot passenger jet at Dulles International Airport near Washington as it was about to take off for Moscow. After a four-hour search, they confiscated three crates suspected of containing prohibited exports of high-technology equipment. "An act of international terrorism," protested Moscow. A State Department spokesman denounced the Soviet reaction as "absurd," which, considering the situation, it was. But soon after, the U.S. action also looked absurd. Investigation proved that the equipment (navigation devices, electronic circuit boards and radiation gauges) had been formally cleared for export. Trying to explain why the U.S. would not apologize for the goof, a U.S. diplomat said, undiplomatically, "We're giving them the finger." ■

Tough Response

Meeting the Soviet threat

The Soviet Union has long been, and is destined to remain, the central concern of U.S. foreign policy. Yet American leaders have rarely set a consistent policy for dealing with the U.S.S.R., and have frequently responded haphazardly to each new challenge. To address this problem, the Council on Foreign Relations, a nonpartisan group devoted to the study of international affairs, sponsored a 14-member commission* to formulate a set of integrated goals and policies. Its report, titled *The Soviet Challenge: A Policy Framework for the 1980s*, was released last week. Among the commission's generally tough-minded recommendations:

The growing economic problems of the Soviet Union, such as declining productivity and crop shortages, have added to its longstanding insecurity and provoked it to amass military power, which it may use to influence the outcome of political struggles around



*The group was chaired by Time Inc. Editor-in-Chief Henry Grunwald and included W. Michael Blumenthal, Treasury Secretary in the Carter Administration; Paul Nitze, a leader of the hard-line Committee on the Present Danger; and Republican Senator William Cohen of Maine. The report was drafted primarily by Helmut Sonnenfeldt, State Department counselor under Henry Kissinger.

the globe. "By almost any measure, the Soviet Union is a vastly more formidable foe than it was only a decade ago," says the report. This buildup must be countered by increased and constant American defense spending, approximately at 6% of the gross national product. "A strong U.S. military posture remains the first requirement of a comprehensive, long-term U.S. policy toward the Soviet Union," the commission concludes. Top priority should be given to "improving the quality and readiness of those forces already in existence." It calls the volunteer Army a "failure," and says serious consideration should be given to reinstituting the draft.

Arms control should be a component, but no longer the centerpiece, of U.S. policy toward the Soviets. Says the report: "We cannot hope to achieve at the negotiating table what we are unwilling or unable to achieve in the wider world of defense policy." Negotiating limits on weapons would make the strategic situation more "predictable" and slow the pace of arms spending. But the commission could not agree on whether SALT II, a treaty now in limbo, should be revised—with major amendments—so as to become SALT III, replaced with a more modest agreement, or passed with only minor modifications.

The aggressive exploitation, by the Soviets and their proxies, of local political turmoil in the Third World will be a continual source of tension. Increased, instead of decreased, U.S. economic aid, and North-South economic cooperation, will be necessary to prevent serious difficulties in unstable areas like the Persian Gulf. America must be willing to use force and even selective covert action if that seems appropriate. Calling the Soviet presence in Afghanistan an "open sore" in U.S.-Soviet relations, the commission contends the U.S. should "respond positively" to requests for military supplies from the Afghan resistance.

East-West trade should be integrated into a comprehensive Soviet policy, and economic ties linked to the overall state of relations between the two powers, says the commission. Attempts to use trade as an incentive for restrained political conduct will require much closer cooperation among the Western allies than has yet been forged. "Uniformity is not required," the commission notes, but "differences should not be allowed to grow to a point where the Soviet leaders will conclude that siren songs of peace, or conversely, pressures and threats, can succeed in splitting the allies."

The commission concludes by noting that changes in the U.S.S.R. during the 1980s may create different problems for the U.S., but the existing, and predictable, challenges require "the most resolute, deliberate and well integrated of policies." ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Right Time for Boldness

In the aftermath of Jimmy Carter's defeat, his pollster Patrick Caddell sat down to ponder the debacle with Ben Wattenberg of the American Enterprise Institute, and Richard Wirthlin, Ronald Reagan's public opinion expert.

Said Caddell: "One of the things a President as a political leader has to confront is how to buy time from the public to put into place programs that take months to get through Congress, much less have an impact. Given the public mood, a healthy dose of boldness in the early days may help buy time. So my advice to Mr. Reagan now would simply come down to this: Be bold, Mr. President."

Caddell's words were really part of an epitaph for Carter, but they conveyed the wisdom of the ages and the reason for success of almost every notable American leader. Reagan's boldness in the first four months has stunned Washington. Moderation in politics suggests a lack of conviction. An eagerness to compromise too early leaves the impression of weakness. All through the capital last week, there was the feeling that this is a time for even more decisiveness and for even more daring.

DAVID HUME KENNERLY

Reagan: ready for more daring

Faced with an additional $8 billion of inflation-induced deficit for this fiscal year and the prospect that the Social Security system may soon go broke, Reagan opted for action. His proposal to reduce Social Security payments produced shock waves—congressional phones and mailbags exploded with protests—but the President may have sown the seeds of future success. Indeed, the wise strategy may be to push even harder. "The iron is never going to be hotter," says one of Reagan's top aides. Their polls show him with a 76% approval rating.

The momentum from victory in the House on the budget resolution has enhanced his clout on the Hill for the time being. The debate within Reagan's inner circle is how far he should push that advantage. Secret task forces have been assembled by David Stockman, Director of the Office of Management and Budget, to examine more of the so-called sacred cows of federal spending. The mission: to find additional billions to cut, permanent devices to restrain the federal hand.

The process is not always orderly, nor so thoughtful as it should be. But creative government rarely is. Events move too fast. Decisions must often be made as much on instinct as on precise information, lest the time for action pass. After the big budget-resolution win, plans to cut Social Security were rushed to the White House. They were presented one morning to Reagan, almost cold. At first he was disbelieving, then irritated. "Can I have twelve hours to decide?" he asked grumpily. But it took less time than that for Reagan to make his decision and seek the cuts. The President now feels that public opinion may be gathering behind him for his program of tax reductions. He plans to increase the pressure in that area.

Great changes have almost always come in such an overheated environment. Franklin Roosevelt summoned Congress to enact emergency banking legislation after he took office in 1933; F.D.R. seized the moment to propose 15 new programs before the momentum ran out. Against the recommendations of most of his advisers, Lyndon Johnson in November 1963 sensed that he could use sympathy for the slain John Kennedy to win new civil rights legislation that ultimately transformed the American social structure. Then he moved to push his Great Society program, always going a bit beyond what anyone thought possible.

Reagan seems to have a similar opportunity to get his proposals on a fast track through Congress and into the machinery of the federal bureaucracy. But there is at least one profound difference between what Reagan is doing and what Roosevelt and Johnson achieved. Reagan is dismantling, cutting, restraining. When he quits swinging the scythe, his Administration will need a creative policy to fill the gaps. The states and the free marketplace may do much of the job —but not all of it. Imagination must mean as much as money.

When curiosity flourishes, worlds can be changed.

Why? How? What if? Young people question. Taking joy in the search for solutions. Their worlds abound with endless possibilities. So, too, it is with scientists. Whose laboratories are as limitless as the universe. Whose ideas shape worlds. To interest young minds in the wonders of science, Phillips Petroleum has made possible a film series called "The Search for Solutions." Stimulating films aired on PBS and seen by over two million students per month. They capture the excitement of discovery. And the discoverer. To teach. To encourage. But most of all, to interest. Because childlike curiosity in the right hands can help turn darkness into light.

PHILLIPS 66

DIABETES. FICTION VS FACT.

Fiction: Insulin is a cure for diabetes.

Fact: There is no cure for diabetes, yet.

Fiction: Diabetes is nothing to worry about.

Fact: Diabetes can cause blindness, heart disease, kidney disease, gangrene and stroke.

Fiction: Diabetes is under control.

Fact: Diabetes is growing at a rate of 600,000 new cases a year.

Fiction: Diabetes doesn't kill people anymore.

Fact: Diabetes has become the third largest killer.

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Box. 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.
Kings: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. 1980.

A Friend in the White House

Michael Reagan drops a name and imperils a job

Michael Reagan embodies the entrepreneurial vitality that the new Administration reveres. He has sold clothing, boats and food. He has dabbled in gold mines and gasohol equipment. He asked to join his father's former radio syndication service and he tested the waters in politics. Last December the President's adopted son, 36, signed on as a vice president for marketing at Dana Ingalls Profile, Inc., of Burbank, Calif., a 35-employee aerospace supplier. Last week he said angrily he would abandon that career, after being criticized for using his father's name to seek defense contracts.

The younger Reagan's troubles began in March, when he telephoned several military installations—including Tinker Air Force Base near Oklahoma City, which supervises the maintenance of the President's plane, Air Force One—asking how to get on the "approved" list of contractors. He followed up the call with a letter that said in its second paragraph: "I know that, with my father's leadership at the White House, this countries *[sic]* Armed Services are going to be rebuilt and strengthened. We at Dana Ingalls Profile want to be involved in that process." Though Reagan's pitch was not illegal, it struck at least one ranking bureaucrat as "a dubious sort of behavior." Added J. Jackson Walter, director of the Office of Government Ethics of Michael's name-dropping: "Why doesn't he just use a hammer?"

> I know that, with my father's leadership at the White House, this countries Armed Services are going to be rebuilt and strengthened. We at Dana Ingalls Profile want to be involved in that process.

Son Michael and his missive. Dad's new advice: "Don't write any letters"

After the letter was first disclosed, in the Oklahoma City *Times*, White House Deputy Press Secretary Larry Speakes described Michael as "hounded by the media." Added Speakes: "I don't think the President has any problems with the way Michael is doing business." Then cannier heads prevailed. Later the same day Speakes announced that Presidential Counsel Fred Fielding would advise all four Reagan children on possible conflicts of interest, a procedure said to have been planned but not carried out before the President was shot March 30. Michael Reagan then bitterly announced that he would quit Dana Ingalls. He added he was "tired of having to explain his actions" to the media, and worried: "Now, wherever I go, people are going to be afraid to do business with me because they don't know if the press is going to come in." Then, in a characteristic flash of humor, he said he would follow his father's new advice: "Don't write any letters."

He may wish he had listened to his father sooner. A few weeks after the election, at a family dinner, the President encouraged his children to consider legitimate business opportunities but warned against exploitation. If they had any doubts, he said, they should check with a White House adviser. In office, however, President Reagan discontinued guidelines, adopted late in the Carter Administration, that discouraged members of the President's family from joining firms doing business with the Federal Government.

Michael Reagan bridled last week when a reporter asked a question that seemed to compare him to Billy Carter. "Don't start that," he said. Yet worse may be ahead. The Los Angeles County district attorney's office is "very close to making a decision" on whether to seek an indictment on charges that Reagan diverted $17,500 of investors' money from his gasohol venture to personal expenses while helping his father campaign. When that issue erupted in February, the President's son snapped, "I don't believe they'd be doing this if my name was Jones." ■

The 27th Victim

Atlanta's ordeal goes on

The news was distressingly familiar. A poor, black youth had been found strangled to death near an intersection of Interstate 20, just outside Atlanta. William Barrett, 17, a ne'er-do-well with a police record for burglary, had been reported missing only hours before he became the 27th known victim in the string of murders that has plagued the Georgia capital since 1979 and left investigators thoroughly baffled.

In Barrett's case, however, officials thought they might finally have a break. His body was discovered only 2½ to seven hours after he died, as opposed to the days, weeks and even months later of previous cases. This meant that both the body and the scene of the crime were pretty much as the murderer had left them. Said Fulton County Medical Examiner Robert Stivers: "The fresher the crime scene, the better off we are." To further preserve the integrity of the scene, police asked newspapers to wait 24 hours before printing Barrett's picture. That way, any possible witnesses would not be influenced by news coverage. Barrett's murder resembled several others being investigated by Atlanta's special task force. Like three previous victims, he had disappeared from the McDaniel Street area, where he had gone on an errand. A number of others had, like Barrett, been found fully clothed on a roadside, close enough to be spotted by passing motorists. Four of them had also been discovered in the general area around the I-20 interchange. He was also linked to perhaps as many as 17 other victims by what police call "trace evidence." While Atlanta Public Safety Commissioner Lee Brown refused to comment on the nature of this evidence, Georgia Crime Lab Director Larry Howard identified it as "fibers" that were similar to some but not all of the fibers mentioned as evidence in earlier cases. "It is a link," said Stivers of the material, "if a somewhat tenuous one."

There were, however, enough differences between Barrett's case and earlier ones to make a connection somewhat questionable. He is the first victim to be found with puncture wounds believed to have been inflicted with a knife after his death. Two other children had knife wounds, but both had been stabbed or bludgeoned to death, probably by someone other than the presumed mass killer. Barrett is only the second victim in the last six to be under age 20. His death will doubtless rally support for a proposed summer program to protect Atlanta's youth and bolster ongoing efforts to obtain needed federal funding.

The plan may well be the most comprehensive children's summer program in urban history. It will provide supervised recreation or jobs for all of the city's 69,000 public school children, ages 6 to 18, for up to twelve hours a day. It will begin the Monday after school lets out and continue until classes resume in September. The program, expected to add $1.2 million to the city's budget, will feature a child-staff ratio of 20 to 1, police and civilian patrols assigned to observe children at pickup and delivery points, free lunches for the needy and special T shirts, issued two to a child, displaying the wearer's name, group number and location. But as far as Atlantans are concerned, the program need only live up to its name: Safe Summer '81. ■

Barrett

A Sailor's Death

Heatstroke or brutality?

Sailors in the Seventh Fleet know the U.S.S. *Ranger* is one tough ship. Captain Dan Pedersen sets a high standard for discipline, and his aircraft carrier is well equipped to contend with those who fail to meet it. Persistent rule breakers are confined to the correctional custody unit (CCU), where they are subjected to "retraining"—a program of drills and indoctrination designed to reinstill the lessons of boot camp or, as one veteran puts it, "to make you feel stupid and look stupider." Further instruction may be given in the brig—a solitary cell where the diet is sometimes bread and water.

Airman Recruit Paul A. Trerice, 21, was no stranger to naval correctional practices. He had been busted once on a minor drug charge and again after being caught off limits with a WAVE in her barracks. Early last month while shipmates enjoyed liberty in Hong Kong, he was confined to the CCU for falling asleep while on duty. But Trerice was not responding to treatment. After two unauthorized absences from the ship, he was placed in the brig. On April 14, Trerice refused to complete an exercise session for CCU inmates. According to some accounts, he asked to report to sick bay, but was instead commanded to lie face down on the sun-baked flight deck. There is disagreement about how long he remained there: 25 minutes, says the Navy; more than one hour, say some shipmates.

All agree that Trerice did not live long thereafter. Upon returning to the CCU, he requested medical help and collapsed. Doctors rushed to the CCU but were too late. Within an hour Trerice died. The cause, said a Navy coroner: cardiopulmonary arrest due to heatstroke.

William and Irene Trerice of Algonac, Mich., were shocked to learn that their son, a 6-ft. 5-in., 230-lb. high school football tackle, had died of a heart attack. "He was always lifting weights and jogging, and he could bench press 300 lbs.," said the senior Trerice, a 13-year Air Force veteran. He might have accepted the loss, he said, had it not been for "snafus" in informing the family of Paul's death and in returning his body. His suspicions were also raised by some of Paul's friends on the *Ranger;* one sent Trerice the message: "Don't let them get away with this one."

Trerice with son's portrait

Concerned about the circumstances of his son's death, Trerice arranged a private autopsy. It revealed that Paul had been handcuffed shortly before his death, something that was not mentioned in the Navy's report. Trerice was further disturbed when a *Ranger* cook reportedly contradicted the official story that Paul had eaten breakfast the morning of his death. Though the Navy insists it is not so, Trerice began to wonder if his son had eaten anything more than bread and water the last two days of his life. Last month Trerice sued the Navy for $4.1 million over his son's death and alleged mishandling of the body. He also persuaded Michigan Senators Donald Riegle Jr. and Carl Levin and Congressman David Bonior to seek a full Navy investigation.

Navy officials had already begun a study, which they were soon forced to broaden. Word of the Trerice death had produced a tidal wave of tales of naval abuse. Ex-*Ranger* Crewman Neil Hodgson, 18, of Detroit, claimed that a beating in the ship's CCU left him with a ruptured eardrum. Fellow Veteran Steve Richards, 27, also of Detroit, said he received a 13-stitch leg wound there. The two joined another pair of *Ranger* sailors in suing the Navy for brutality and violation of their rights. A third suit may be filed by the Rev. Robert Mercer and his wife of Detroit. The body of Mercer's stepson Bernal Johnson, 21, was found in a Philippine river on April 24, two days after he escaped from a CCU at the Subic Bay Naval Base. An autopsy showed "possible marks of violence" around the neck. Mercer suspects naval foul play: "My son was a good swimmer, unless he was pushed into the water unconscious."

The Navy has virtually completed the initial investigation into Trerice's death, and, says Admiral Donald C. Davis, commander in chief, U.S. Navy, Pacific, "it has found no evidence that the cause was from other than heatstroke." Even if it is vindicated or charges are dropped, the Navy can ill afford scandal at a time when recruitment is lagging. "These boys were volunteers," insists Bill Trerice. "We don't even treat people in prisons that way." ■

That Sinking Feeling . . .

Three Orange County housing workers arrived last Tuesday at the home of Tommy and Mae Rose Owens in Winter Park, Fla., a suburb of Orlando, to complete paperwork on the couple's federal loan for home improvement. But the Owenses were not there. Neither were the house and the yard. They had fallen—along with five expensive foreign cars, a truck, a parking lot, part of a four-lane road and much of a municipal swimming pool—into a sinkhole. That geological oddity resulted when underground limestone caverns, which are usually filled and strengthened by water, were gradually drained during a severe drought. The caverns collapsed, and a circular hole 340 ft. across and 100 ft. deep opened up in the middle of a busy neighborhood.

Aerial view of where the bottom fell out of Winter Park, Fla.

Mrs. Owens had watched it start, hearing what she called "a queer swishing noise" and then a "ploop" as a big sycamore tree in the next lot plummeted straight into the earth. She called the police. They could do nothing but cordon off the area as thousands of sightseers arrived to watch the hole grow. The owner of a $40,000 1979 Porsche 928 hired a helicopter and then a construction crane to retrieve his car, in for repairs at a garage bitten into by the hole.

Sinkholes are common in Florida. State law makes sinkhole insurance standard in a homeowner's policy—it covers a house but not, ironically, the land that disappears beneath. As Orange County appraisers last week were pondering what to do about the Owenses' next property tax bill, at least seven more sinkholes opened up elsewhere in the state.

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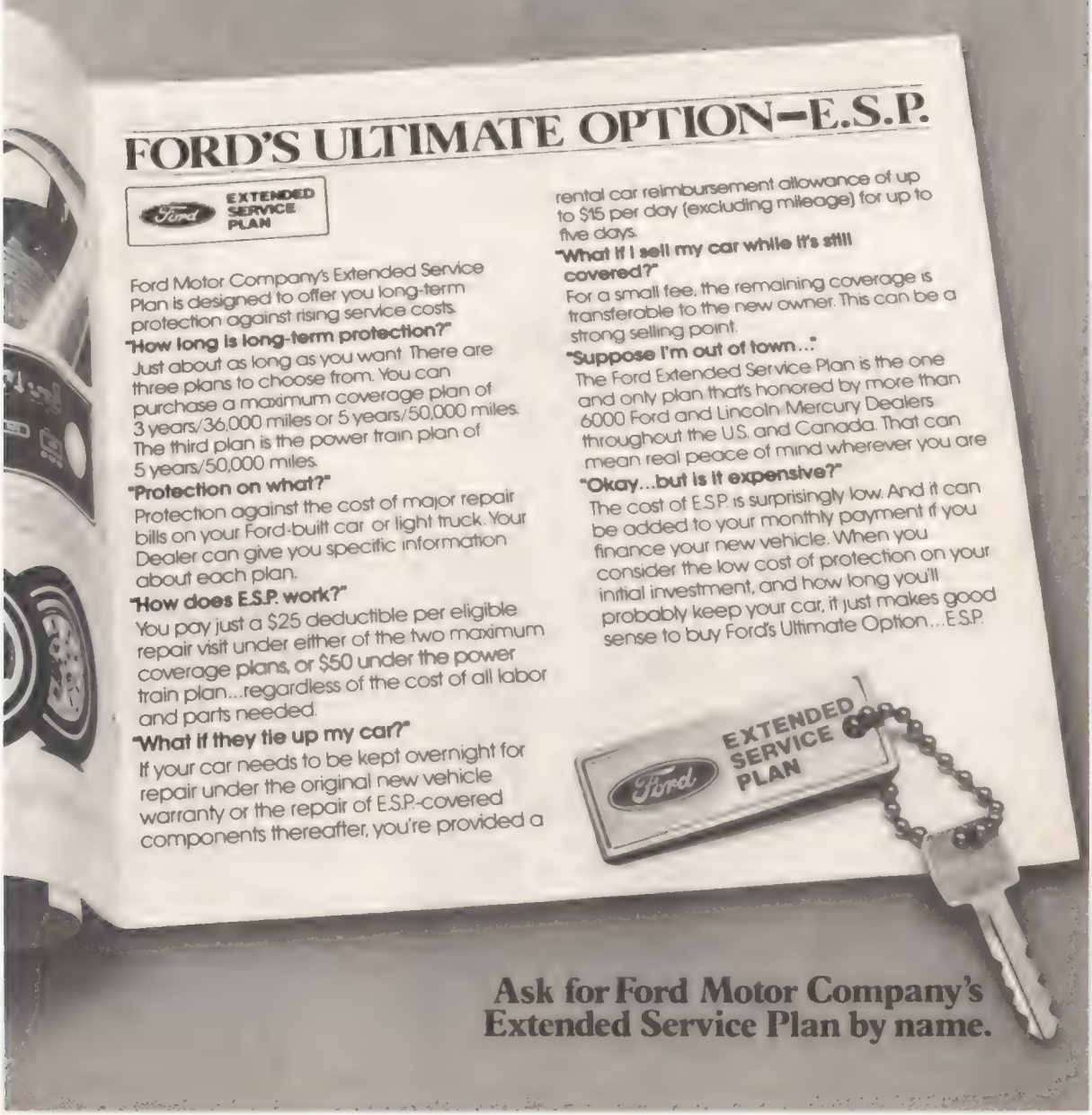

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FRANCE

Now for the Hard Part

Having won the Elysée, the new President faces formidable obstacles

It was 6:30 p.m. and the stocky man in the light beige suit was talking about the weather. He had tried to take a walk, but the drizzle and the knot of well-wishers outside had scared him back into the hotel. Instead of returning to Chambre 15, the room he has occupied during his weekly visits to his parliamentary district for the past 35 years, he had wandered into a small thicket of journalists in the hotel dining room who were waiting for the early projections from sample precincts. In contrast to his usual aloof attitude toward reporters, François Mitterrand seemed to want company during these final hours of his long vigil. Yet he is a failure when it comes to small talk and so he had avidly seized on a remark about how it always rains here in Château-Chinon. Forthwith, he proceeded to launch into a lecture on local meteorology.

He was beginning to wax eloquent on the "granitic formations" that absorb moisture and the "confluence of three rivers" that cool the air when a journalist for the newsweekly Le Point *whispered "fifty-two to forty-eight" in his ear. Without any noticeable change of expression or vocal inflection, he continued his explanations of cloud formations.*

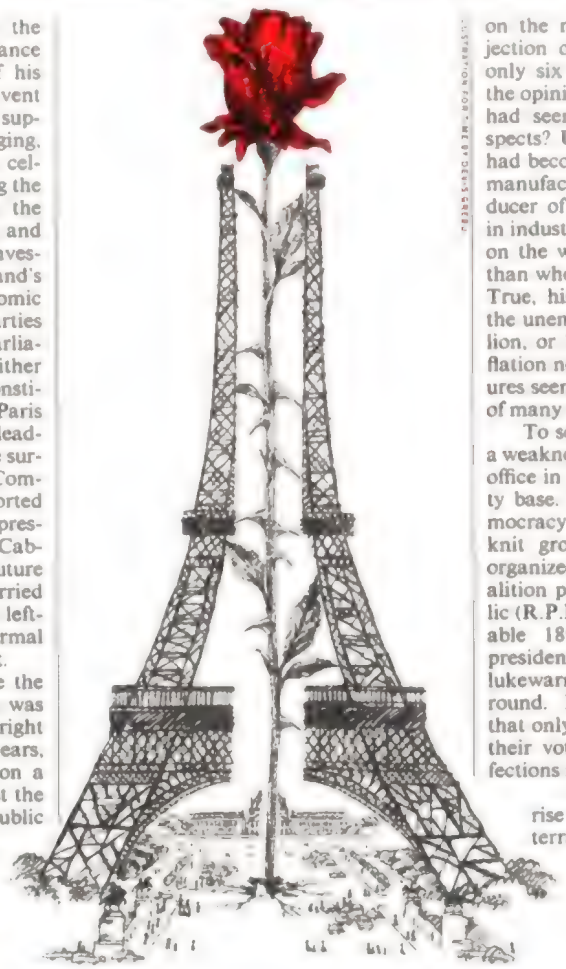
Only after Mitterrand excused himself and disappeared into a staff workroom did the reporters learn that the 52% was for him, not for President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. When he returned a few moments later, phlegmatic as before, the questions began. "Do you believe those figures? Can they change?" They could change, he said, but not the outcome: the spread between him and Giscard was decisive. Well, then, why was he standing there talking about the weather? What was his reaction to the fact that he was suddenly President-elect of France? Tsk, tsk, he replied, he would not react until after the polls had closed at 8 p.m.

Was he dazed by the results or was he really as insouciant as he seemed? Referring to the phrase that has become the motto of his campaign, he cracked, still without a smile, "l'homme tranquille *is not just a campaign slogan."*

Mitterrand must have been the only tranquil man in France last week in the wake of his stunning victory. That event had sent thousands of his jubilant supporters into the streets of Paris, singing, dancing and honking car horns to celebrate what some pundits were calling the second French Revolution. But on the Paris stock market, prices plunged and the franc hit a twelve-year low as investors paled at the prospect of Mitterrand's sweeping nationalization and economic reform plans. The major political parties began gearing up for a decisive parliamentary election that could lead to either a leftist majority or a paralyzing constitutional deadlock. Giscard and Paris Mayor Jacques Chirac, the Gaullist leader, clashed violently, endangering the survival of their strained coalition. The Communist Party, which had supported Mitterrand in the final round of the presidential contest, was clamoring for Cabinet posts as the price of past and future votes. France's allies, meanwhile, worried privately about the nation's seeming leftward lurch, even as they cabled formal congratulations to the President-elect.

No one could tell exactly where the country was headed, but one thing was clear: in turning away from a center-right presidency for the first time in 23 years, the French people had embarked on a bold adventure that would sorely test the political institutions of the Fifth Republic and—if Mitterrand has his way—transform the social and economic landscape.

How had this dramatic shift come about in a nation long purported to have its heart on the left but its pocketbook, and its votes, on the right? Why such a crushing rejection of an incumbent President who only six months ago was given 60% in the opinion polls, and whose performance had seemed so creditable in many respects? Under Giscard, after all, France had become Europe's foremost aerospace manufacturer, the largest European producer of nuclear energy, a world leader in industrial and agricultural exports and, on the whole, a more prosperous nation than when he took office seven years ago. True, his popularity had plummeted as the unemployment level rose to 1.66 million, or 7.2% of the work force, and inflation nearly hit 14%, but even those figures seem moderate compared with those of many other Western countries.



To some extent, Giscard was hurt by a weakness that plagued him since he took office in 1974: the lack of a powerful party base. His own Union for French Democracy (U.D.F.) is a small and loose-knit group that is not nearly as well organized as its troublesome Gaullist coalition partner, the Rally for the Republic (R.P.R.). Chirac, who polled a respectable 18% in the first round of the presidential voting, gave Giscard only a lukewarm endorsement in the second round. Post-election analysis indicates that only 75% of Chirac's supporters cast their votes for Giscard. The R.P.R. defections made a critical difference.

Another factor was the steady rise of Socialist strength since Mitterrand took over the party leadership in 1971, and the corresponding decline of the Communists. While Mitterrand won 25.8% of the first-round presidential votes, Communist Leader Georges Marchais took

Mitterrand acknowledging his victory

only a humiliating 15.3%, a quarter less than the longtime Communist share of the electorate. As a result of that diminished standing, it seemed safe to vote for the left, for the first time since the Fifth Republic was founded in 1958, without handing the Communists a predominant role in government. At the same time, Marchais instructed his own disciplined followers to vote for Mitterrand in the second round. An estimated 90% of them did so.

But the overriding explanation given by French political analysts the morning after was that the public was simply tired of the aloof, arrogantly aristocratic Giscard and was anxious for a change. Admitted U.D.F. Leader Jean Lecanuet: "The idea of keeping the same leadership for 14 years was a factor." Jacques Fauvet, editor of the left-leaning *Le Monde*, agreed. "François Mitterrand's victory is first a victory for alternation, that is, for democracy," he wrote in a front-page editorial. "For more than 20 years the same family, in spirit, had been in power. A large part of the country, particularly the underprivileged classes and the youth, will finally feel, we hope, that it is better liked, better understood and better protected." Virtually no one, apart from Socialist and Communist idealogues, saw the leftist victory as a sign of popular support for Mitterrand's nationalization and economic reform program. Rather, as Journalist Jean-François Revel put it, Giscard's "strange defeat was due to the most common illness among those who exercise power: the loss of contact with reality."

Reality came crashing down on Giscard at 6:30 p.m. on election Sunday with the insistent ringing of a telephone at the family's château de Varvasse in the village of Chanonat (pop. 850). Campaign Manager Jean-François Deniau had some bad tidings: early computer projections showed Giscard a loser by 4%. (The final official tally: 15,714,598, or 51.76%, for Mitterrand; 14,647,787, or 48.24%, for Giscard.) By 8:20 p.m., shortly after the results were made public, the Elysée released a terse statement in which Giscard expressed his "wishes"—nothing warmer—to his successor. As if to say I-told-you-so, Giscard added: "I think I did everything I could to explain to the French the extent and the consequences of their choice."

One of the "consequences" Giscard had campaigned most strongly against was Mitterrand's bold plan for economic and social reform. In addition to nationalizing the country's remaining private banks and eleven basic industries, including mining, communications and aerospace, Mitterrand's program calls for the creation of 210,000 public sector jobs, a higher minimum wage, tax hikes for the wealthy and a 35-hour work week. Critics see this as a guarantee of more inflation, more balance of payments deficits and a weaker franc

The prospect of such sweeping measures sent shock waves through the French financial and business community. On the morning after Mitterrand's election, for the first time in its history, Paris' venerable stock exchange, the Bourse, had to postpone its opening because there were no buyers to establish prices. When the doors did open at 1 p.m., there was an avalanche of sell orders from anxious investors. Stock prices fell by 9% within minutes and trading had to be suspended. Hardest hit were stocks of the industries that Mitterrand proposes to nationalize.

On foreign exchange markets, the franc plunged to 5.52 to the dollar, and was held at that level only by heavy intervention by the Bank of France. Customs agents, meanwhile, were ordered to double their vigilance against French "tourists" seeking to smuggle capital out of the country. By week's end, as the initial shock wore off, both the Bourse and the franc were showing signs of recovery. But pessimists saw

With full power still to be won, the President-elect quiets the premature cheers of his supporters during a stroll through his neighborhood

In defeat, Giscard returns to his Paris home

Like De Gaulle, he would withdraw.

"Black Monday" at the Bourse: panicked traders flood the stock exchange with sell orders

A stunning vote of no-confidence in Mitterrand's sweeping economic program.

the "Black Monday" fiasco as just a sample of what might come if Mitterrand attempts to carry out his programs.

In the context of France's already heavily mixed economy, Mitterrand's nationalization plans are not all that radical. He would increase the proportion of nationalized banking activity from 60% to 100%, while jacking up the share of public sector industry from 12% to about 17%. This would bring 700,000 additional workers under government control. But, in fact, the companies in question are already largely controlled by France's state-directed economy. Many of the companies scheduled for nationalization are now faltering anyway and in need of some kind of government support. Moreover, some of France's already nationalized companies, like Renault, Air France and Aérospatiale, are doing fairly well

The real criticism of Mitterrand's economic program is not so much that it will precipitate disaster; it is rather that the whole concept of nationalization and Keynesian government intervention seems to belong to an outmoded 1960s-style of economic tinkering that has failed wherever it has been tried. Mitterrand seems to be marching to a distant and off-beat drummer and in the wrong direction. "This [nationalization] project," writes Historian Raymond Aron, "bears witness to the Socialist Party's archaic ideas." Says a prominent French banker: "The French don't do anything like other people. At the moment when all the great countries of the world turn away from socialism, the French at last sign a seven-year lease with a Socialist."

Even an economic official of Bonn's Social Democratic government, whose postal and transportation services plus a part of the banking and steel industries are nationalized, doubts the wisdom of Mitterrand's plans. "It's wrong to assume that the state can run a business any better than it could be run under the free enterprise system," he says. "Various lands have tried it—Belgium, Sweden and Great Britain, for example—and they haven't managed to make a good thing of it. France should be no different."

When Mitterrand officially takes over power from Giscard on May 21, his first act as President will be to select a Premier from a number of candidates. The new President and his Premier will then name a Cabinet, which will function as a "transitional" government. Mitterrand has stated that this first Cabinet will consist of "those who have supported" him —which Socialists say excludes the Communists, whose backing did not come until the second round.

This transitional government would be able to take some kinds of steps by decree. Initial acts would probably include several of the promised economic and social measures. Among them: raising the minimum wage by 25%, to $600 a month, and increasing family allowances. But major reforms, such as nationalizations and the reduction of the work week, would require parliamentary approval. Mitterrand would be most unlikely to get it from the present 491-member National Assembly, in which the center-right holds 274 seats, compared with 117 for the Socialists and 86 for the Communists.

Therein lies the greatest immediate challenge of Mitterrand's administration: he inherits a constitution that makes government difficult when the President and Parliament represent different political groupings. That situation, though common in the U.S., has not occurred in France since Charles de Gaulle founded and designed the Fifth Republic in 1958 to favor the center-right. The constitution gives enormous powers to the President. He can dissolve the National Assembly once a year and he has strong control over Parliament. The controversial "article 49," for example, allows the President's Premier to ram legislation through Parliament without a vote by invoking the Government's "responsibility." The Assembly can block such moves only by taking the drastic step of voting a motion of no confidence, which forces the Premier

No Editorializing, Please

The cover portrait showed an aged and heavily wattled Valéry Giscard d'Estaing slumped before a television set. On the screen was a photograph of a hale and vigorous François Mitterrand. An altogether apt representation, one might think, of the results of France's presidential election. Except that the portrait appeared on the cover of France's respected newsweekly *L'Express* five days prior to the decisive May 10 balloting.

It was all too much for *L'Express* Owner Jimmy Goldsmith, a dual French and British citizen, who is a devout conservative and staunch admirer of Giscard. The eventual election results did not help either. Last week Goldsmith sacked *L'Express* Managing Editor Olivier Todd, and, in turn, Editor in Chief Jean-François Revel resigned in protest.

and his entire Cabinet to resign. Parliament has no power to remove the President himself; but it could make it impossible for him to govern, thus forcing him to dissolve parliament and call for new elections. Since parliament now is controlled by the right-center, this is precisely what Mitterrand intends to do. The new legislative elections will probably take place in the latter half of June.

Mitterrand is hoping his victory will create a bandwagon effect that will carry large numbers of Socialist candidates to victory. But since the Socialists have little chance of winning a majority on their own, they will probably have to come to some agreement with the Communists in order to form a workable leftist coalition. Mitterrand is no stranger to deals with the Communists: from 1972 to 1977 the Socialists and Communists were formally allied in a Union of the Left, which was shattered on the eve of the 1978 legislative elections when Communist Leader Georges Marchais suddenly upped the ante by demanding key Cabinet posts. This time, though the Communists are again calling for portfolios, the Socialists feel sufficiently strong to resist Marchais's arm-twisting tactics. After Mitterrand's inauguration, the Socialists will begin negotiations on a "government contract" with the Communists. For Mitterrand, the crucial trick will be to satisfy the Communists, perhaps by promising them some minor Cabinet posts, without alienating the center.

But Mitterrand's opponents had little cause to gloat over the left's internal bickering, for the smoldering feud between Giscard and the Gaullists exploded into an open rift last week. Without naming him directly, Giscard publicly blasted Chirac for not backing him enthusiastically. He seethingly referred to "premeditated acts of treason."

For several days after the election, Giscard toyed with the idea of forming a new centrist "liberal" party aimed at blocking Chirac's relentless drive for power. But Giscard's U.D.F. followers in parliament, anxious to hold their seats, seemed far more interested in making a deal with Chirac than in sharing the ex-President's martyrdom. Said one U.D.F. deputy: "I can understand the President's pain and recriminations. But right now we have to keep our fists in our pockets and try to save the house."

A disappointed Giscard thus shelved his plans for a new party. Instead of running for a lowly parliamentary seat, he decided to withdraw to his country estate, much as De Gaulle did in 1946. The defeated President was hoping that a taste of chaotic Socialist government would make him what he calls "the most popular man in France," and pave the way for an eventual return to power. "Giscard is like a woman who has been rejected," says a confidant. "He can't try to impose himself. He has to wait for the call."

Chirac assumed a statesmanlike pose and called for a "new majority." At midweek, Chirac and U.D.F. President Jean Lecanuet announced a new electoral "pact" of the center-right. Based largely on Chirac's own Reaganesque economic proposals, this joint U.D.F.-R.P.R. platform calls for tax cuts, reduced government spending, and more freedom for business. In short: the negation of everything Mitterrand stands for.

Obviously a center-right majority elected on that platform would make it impossible for Mitterrand to put through his economic and social reforms. The President-elect has said that if he did not get a leftist majority, he would try to govern with whatever majority did emerge from the elections. But his room for maneuver would be severely limited. If he attempted to form a coalition with the center, for example, he would almost surely arouse the hostility or outright opposition of the Communists.

As for Mitterrand, he remains optimistic that the constitutional hurdles can be overcome somehow. Asked in a pre-election interview whether the lack of a workable majority might doom his presidency, he replied: "I believe that this time the institutions of the Fifth Republic that have barred us from power for so long will contribute to keeping us there." It is a tribute to Charles de Gaulle that one of the most bitter opponents of his constitution is now preparing to adapt it to an entirely new set of circumstances.

Mitterrand may also be expected to draw on another Gaullist tradition by pursuing an independent and nationalistic French foreign policy—albeit one that may differ from his Elysée predecessors' in some important respects. No clear-cut policy will emerge until after the parliamentary elections, but the broad outlines can be predicted from Mitterrand's stated positions:

Franco-Soviet Relations. Mitterrand is likely to take a harder line toward the Soviet Union than Giscard—despite his relationship with Moscow's most loyal European Communist Party. The President-elect strongly denounced the Afghanistan invasion and, as one senior British diplomat observed, "has no illusions about Soviet motivations and intentions." *Pravda*, which praised Giscard's commitment to détente and was openly rooting for him in the election, lamented last week that the Socialist leader would probably adopt the " 'tough positions' of the Western side."

Middle East. As a much stronger supporter of Israel and the Camp David process than Giscard, Mitterrand will almost certainly back off from the overtly mercantile pro-Arab policy of his predecessor. In a rare moment of agreement, both Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin and opposition Labor Party Leader Shimon Peres hailed Mitterrand last week as "a true friend of Israel."

Third World. Mitterrand is anxious to increase aid and trade with developing countries, and seems likely to strengthen

Inner Circle

Mitterrand must share credit for his victory with some of the brightest and most dedicated men in French political life. The President-elect has an inner circle of politicians and intellectuals who are not only strong personalities but also have power bases and political clout of their own.

Two members of Mitterrand's coterie have been presidential candidates. Economist **Michel Rocard,** 50, headed the left-wing Unified Socialist Party in 1969, winning 3.6% of the vote. Last November he tried to win the Socialist presidential nomination, then withdrew when Mitterrand said that he would run. Now more moderate in his economic views (he has doubts about the benefits of nationalization), Rocard was the top choice for Premier, whether Mitterrand or Giscard won, in a poll conducted by *L'Express*. Premier **Gaston Defferre,** 70, the party's most durable figure, was a presidential candidate in 1969, when the Socialists took only 5% of the vote. For 28 years the mayor of Marseille, France's toughest town, he has administrative experience that should be invaluable, and is a possible choice for the Justice or Interior ministries.

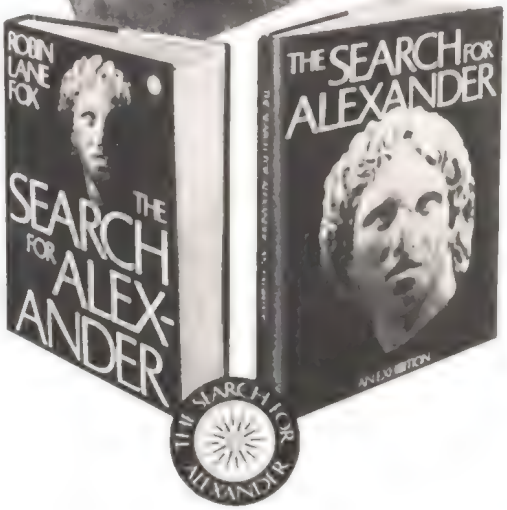
Pierre Mauroy, 52, another strong candidate for Premier, has been the mayor of the northern industrial city of Lille since 1973. A third possibility for Premier is Banker **Jacques Delors,** 55, but he has been mentioned as a more likely candidate for an economics ministry. A key member of the Mitterrand team and a candidate for the Quai D'Orsay, France's Foreign Ministry, is veteran Diplomat **Claude Cheysson.** As a commissioner of the European Community, Cheysson, 61, led the development of its generous trade policy toward the Third World.

The head of the party's left wing is **Jean-Pierre Chevènement,** 42, who helped Mitterrand engineer the rapprochement with the Communists in the early 1970s. In 1979 he gained new power in the party by rallying to the defense of Mitterrand against the challenge of Rocard and Mauroy. Still, the all-important negotiations with the Communists will be conducted not by Chevènement but by **Lionel Jospin,** 43, Mitterrand's successor as the first secretary of the party.

Jacques Attali, 37, another economist, is Mitterrand's personal chief of staff and one of the few members of the group who owes his position mainly to his loyalty to the new President. Attali manages to spend part of almost every day with Mitterrand, offering political advice as well as intellectual stimulation.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

Watch the four-part PBS series "THE SEARCH FOR ALEXANDER THE GREAT"



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French support for national liberation movements. He is strongly opposed to dealing with any kind of junta or authoritarian regime, no matter how pro-Western, and has sharply criticized U.S. involvement in El Salvador.

NATO. While Mitterrand talked as an Atlanticist during the campaign, he is unlikely to return France to NATO's integrated military command. He is committed to maintaining the independent French nuclear deterrent and will probably not reduce defense spending drastically.

Europe. Mitterrand's election has injected a note of uncertainty into the European Community, whose officials now expect action on such prickly questions as agricultural subsidies, fisheries and steel to be delayed as the French concentrate on their domestic situation. Perhaps the election's most significant effect on the EC will be a weakening of the predominant Paris-Bonn axis, which depended on the close personal relationship of Giscard and West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. The Chancellor was said to be shattered by Giscard's fall. He sent a formal congratulatory telegram to fellow socialist Mitterrand, whom he barely knows, but personally telephoned condolences to his defeated conservative friend. Meanwhile British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, who never concealed her dislike for the Olympian Giscard, was hopeful that London could now strengthen its hand in European affairs with the weakening of the Paris-Bonn relationship.

Franco-U.S. Relations. The Reagan Administration, which had been building a closer relationship with Giscard over the past few months, was caught flat-footed by Mitterrand's election. Indeed, the Paris embassy had confidently predicted a Giscard victory (but not the CIA, whose analysts correctly picked Mitterrand). Briefing reporters the day after the election, an Administration official gamely stressed the "enduring quality" of Franco-American relations, but admitted to concern over the possible inclusion of Communists in the Mitterrand government.

Once the surprise wore off, U.S. officials did not seem overly worried. Indeed, at least for now, the Administration is looking on the bright side: Mitterrand's views on the Soviets, the Middle East and the Atlantic alliance are basically compatible with Washington's. But there is a strong likelihood of policy conflicts over the Third World, where the Reagan Administration has taken a much more tolerant line toward authoritarian regimes. Summing up Washington's wait-and-see attitude, one Administration analyst observed: "These people have been out of office for 23 years. Now they have to face up to reality, and that is a sobering experience." —*By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by William Blaylock and Henry Muller/Paris*

Minuet *à la Française*

One way or another, François Mitterrand and his Socialists must come to grips with the other major force on the French left, the 500,000-member Communist Party of France (P.C.F.). That will be no easy thing to do. Relations between the two parties over the years resemble nothing so much as a complicated minuet. For a while the parties move in step, and then they each go their separate and stubborn ways.

The dance began in 1920 when delegates to a Socialist convention in Tours walked out and joined the fledgling Comintern, the external arm of the Bolshevik Revolution. Over the next 15 years the P.C.F. developed into a faithful replica of its Soviet parent. The first real opportunity for Communist-Socialist cooperation came in 1936 with the Popular Front government of Socialist Léon Blum. The Communists officially refused to take part in the short-lived Front because the Socialists were the dominant force. But the party tacitly supported such Blum reforms as sponsorship of the 40-hour work week and collective bargaining.

The P.C.F. was almost destroyed in 1939 following its knee-jerk endorsement of the Hitler-Stalin nonaggression pact. The German invasion of the Soviet Union in 1941 quickly changed that, and many Communists, like 1969 Presidential Candidate Jacques Duclos, were a key force in the French Resistance. The party was thus strong enough to earn a place in Charles de Gaulle's first postwar Cabinet—the first and only time that the P.C.F. has taken part in the French government.

Demanding a 40-hour week, workers support Red-backed strike actions in 1936

The Communists were frozen out of power with the inauguration of the cold war and slumped into a thoroughly Stalinist mold. Indeed, the first word of anti-Soviet criticism from the P.C.F. did not come until the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia, and even that was muted. In the same year, the party dashed the faith of many leftist true believers by refusing to support the insurrectionist "May events," which eventually undermined De Gaulle's presidency. The Communists saw no opportunity to take control of the worker-student rebellion that shook France, and therefore labeled it counterrevolutionary.

But four years later the party accepted the Socialists' idea of a Common Program. During that period of thaw, the P.C.F. dropped the notion of a "dictatorship of the proletariat" from its charter. As the Socialists increased in popularity, the Communists recoiled in envy. The Common Program fell apart prior to the 1978 legislative elections. Some old Communist habits made a comeback: the P.C.F. was the only Western European Communist party, for example, to endorse the 1979 Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

All the doctrinal flip-flopping has only served to inflame contending sectors within the P.C.F. During the period of internal bickering, about 100,000 members dropped away. As always, the chief source of Communist strength is its dominance of the 2 million-member, Paris-based General Labor Confederation (C.G.T.), France's largest trade union organization, which has particular influence in such public-sector enterprises as railways and the electric companies.

Traditionally, the well-organized Communists have been able to count on 20% of France's electoral vote. In April that figure dropped to 15.3%, the lowest since 1936. More than any other factor, that led the party's leaders to take up their dance with Mitterrand once again.

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Mitterrand on Mitterrand

His own words are the best guide to an elusive man

Do not imagine that my life is filled with politics. It is not the first in my order of priorities. Politics is the servant of science and the humble interpreter of philosophy. It does not have the creative virtue of art. Estranged from the knowledge of nature and the workaday life of man, politics is like a cut flower, quickly withered. I have worked, dreamed, loafed, learned to love things and beings. Nothing speaks to me better of spirit and matter than the light of summer at 6 o'clock in the evening as seen through a stand of oaks

He has been called mysterious, elusive and unknowable—as convoluted as the great Charente River, which flows through his native town. He has been compared with exceptionally diverse figures: Niccolò Machiavelli, whose name is synonymous with conniving politics; Lorenzo the Magnificent, Renaissance Florence's benevolent, art-loving ruler; Chateaubriand, 19th century France's aristocratic writer-statesman; Alexander Kerensky, who first led Russia to a democratic revolution that quickly succumbed to the Communists. In the bestiary of epithets used to characterize French politicians, he has emerged as the "chameleon." His recondite politics is inevitably labeled Florentine in the press. His most recent biographer, Franz-Olivier Giesbert, described him as "ambivalent." Wrote Giesbert: "He is misanthropic and sociable, naive and calculating, sincere and deceitful." In fact, François Maurice Adrien Marie Mitterrand is as much an enigma to the French, who elected him President of the Republic, as he is to the rest of the world.

The mystery of this fiercely private and almost neurotically shy man has endured in spite of his exposure to 37 years of public life. It has been reinforced by his bizarre shifts from right to left and, especially, his zigzag relationship with the Communist Party. Most of all, the mystery has been fostered by the distance Mitterrand has placed between himself and all but his family and a few intimate friends. In the end the best analyst of the character—and the methods—of Mitterrand may be Mitterrand himself. His observations, perceptive, witty and often elegant, run through his eleven books.

In his autobiography, *My Own Truth*, published in 1969, Mitterrand describes the improbable background that produced France's pre-eminent leftist. He was born in 1916 in Jarnac, a small southwestern town in the Cognac region. His upbringing was seemingly strictly conventional—piously Roman Catholic and *petit bourgeois*. His father Joseph was a railway stationmaster who inherited a prosperous vinegar business. Mitterrand explains, "To be a Catholic in a small town in the provinces automatically classified you as politically on the right." Yet, strangely, Mitterrand *père* thought differently and had his problems. Writes Mitterrand: "When a man went to Mass but refused to associate himself with the arrogance and the injustices of the right, he was nowhere. Such was my father's case."

When the eight Mitterrand children sat down to dinner, their father forbade traditional bourgeois table talk, "speaking ill of others" and "talking money." Says Mitterrand: "My father knew he was living at the end of an era, and he was irritated at the outdated rites that accompanied its demise. He looked to the future as one watches a child grow up. But since he found peace in the beauty of a sky or the affection of a dog, it didn't matter."

Mitterrand grew up alienated like his father from many of the classic middle-class values. His mother Yvonne's influence was equally compelling. A voracious reader, she instilled in her son a lifelong passion for books. Her favorite works are instructive: Honoré de Balzac's great panoramic novels of French society, Alphonse de Lamartine's romantic poetry and, above all, Maurice Barrès' intensely patriotic fiction. Says Mitterrand: "I lived my childhood in another century and it cost me some effort to jump into our own."

When the young François arrived in Paris to complete his higher education in 1934, he was by no means leaning left. At the Catholic school where he had completed his secondary education, he had heard no mention of Marx. Latin prosody was more in Mitterrand's line. "Vergil was my happiness," he recalls.

Studying law and political science at the Sorbonne, he made friends who were right-wing or faintly bohemian. "They were more madly in love with music and literature than with politics. Thanks to them I got to know [the composers] Erik Satie, Arthur Honegger and Igor Stravinsky, before I became acquainted with [the politicians] Gaston Doumergue and Edouard Daladier."

Socialism then held no attraction for him. "At the university I was intimidated by my socialist comrades. To tell the truth, I was embarrassed to hear the Marxist left speaking a French that was translated from the German. The isms burned my ears. One can only guess what I endure these days."

Still, the seemingly impassive 20-year-old university student was capable of being stirred by the election of a leftist coalition government under Léon Blum in 1936. "A great wind of joy among the people" had blown in with the victory of the Popular Front. "I remember election night in the streets of Paris. The rejoicing brought back to me the races I used to run until there was no breath left in me; I discovered that there were still causes worth living and dying for. I loved the fact that I had turned 20 just as the world was being rescued, though I knew nothing of its suffering. I did not make a political choice. I

Reading a collection of literary essays while barnstorming in his campaign plane

Only when he is worried does the talk turn from the likes of Zola or Balzac to politics

Communist Party Chief Marchais and the President-elect on a comradely march in 1973

"They taught me never to close an eye if I am to avoid being crushed by their machine."

could not distinguish between the forces that were at work. I did not have the key. But without understanding the reasons, I believed I could see on which side lay right and justice."

This stage of Mitterrand's political evolution concluded with his detachment from the world view of his family, his parochial corner of France and the dogmas of the Catholic Church. "Since the church was not on the side of suffering or of hope, I told myself I had to go on without it. Thus did I leave the path of my father so that I might better find him again."

In 1940 Sergeant Mitterrand was shot in the chest, then captured by the Germans near Verdun. He felt his imprisonment in a Nazi P.O.W. camp was his "first real encounter with other men." He recalls: "At noon the Germans distributed tureens of rutabaga soup and loaves of bread. At first, it was the survival of the fittest—government by the knife. The first men to get hold of the soup or the bread served themselves, passing on no more than a few drops of dirty water to the others." After three months, however, camp leaders emerged to "cut the black bread into equal slices, under the wide-eyed scrutiny of free voters. It was a rare and instructive sight; I was witness to the birth of the social contract."

After two aborted attempts to escape from the camp, Mitterrand finally succeeded in 1941. Returning to Occupied France, he organized a small group of former P.O.W.s who furnished forged papers to members of the Resistance. It was then that he first tangled with Charles de Gaulle. When Mitterrand flew to Algiers to meet with the Free French leader, De Gaulle asked him if he would agree to merge his small P.O.W. group with a larger unit under the command of one of the general's nephews. Mitterrand refused, and De Gaulle curtly dismissed him. It was the beginning of hostilities between the two men, which were to turn Mitterrand into one of De Gaulle's most ferocious critics and political opponents.

It was also the beginning of Mitterrand's cyclical flirtations and disillusionments with the Communists. "I began working with the Communists during the Resistance. The friendships I made during this period are as strong as ever. Among the other benefits that I owe them, they have taught me never to close an eye if I am to avoid being crushed by their fearsome machine."

While in the Resistance movement

Conferring with his wife at a rally

(his alias was "Morland"), Mitterrand spotted a picture of a girl in an apartment used for exchanging messages. Mitterrand asked a few questions about her and then said, "I will marry her." That year he wed Danielle Gouze after, legend has it, introducing her to his parents with a staccato biography: "Danielle, nonreligious, democrat, socialist." Now a human rights activist in the party, she wrote a letter last month to Maureen Reagan asking her to use her influence to change her father's position on El Salvador.

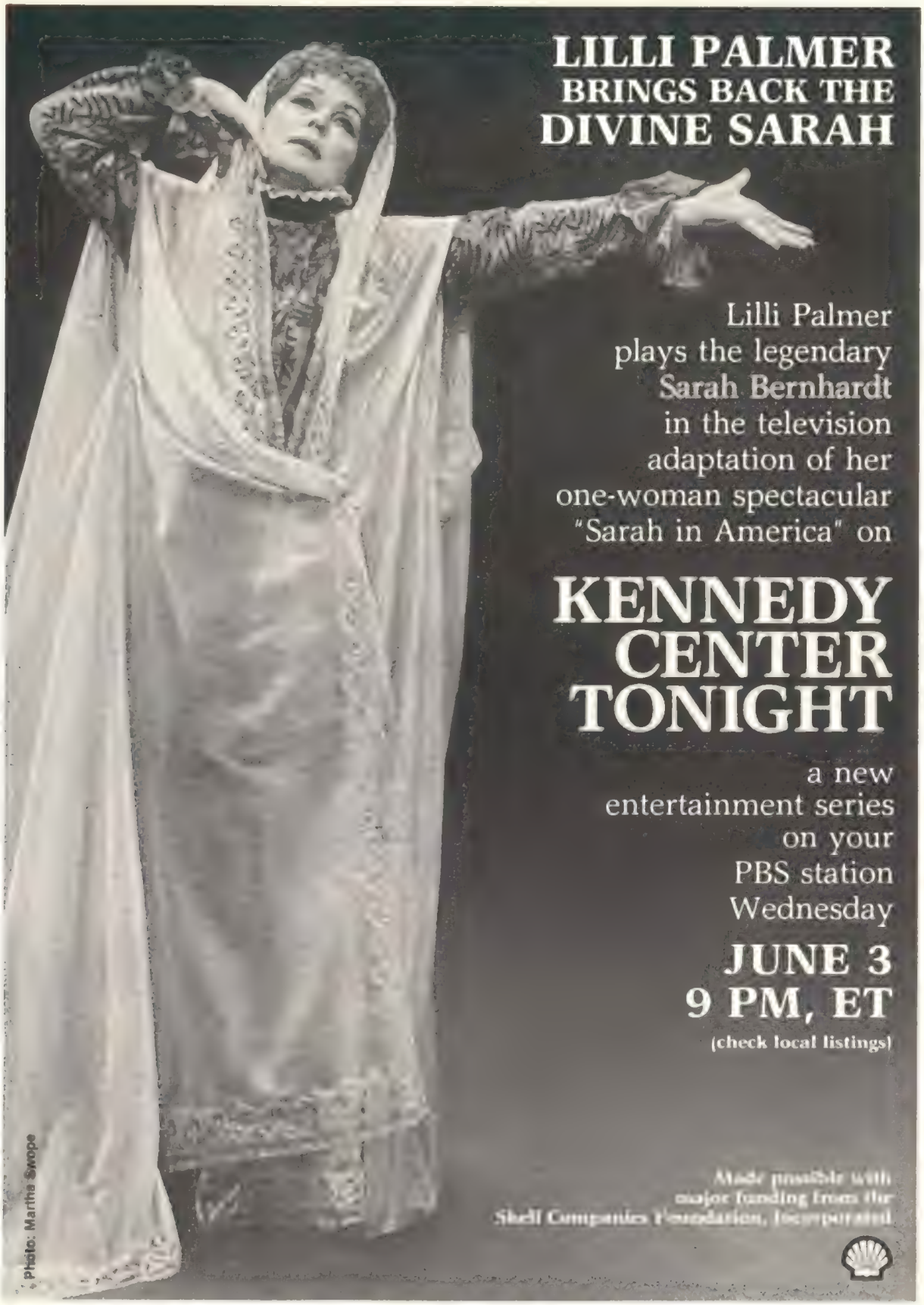
Mitterrand's 37-year march to power began after France's liberation in 1944. First he ran for Parliament under the aegis of several moderate or center-right parties. Then he held a succession of eight Cabinet posts in the Fourth Republic, including the key post of Minister of the Interior under Pierre Mendès-France.

Mitterrand began gravitating toward the socialist left as his quarrel with De Gaulle grew sharper and he needed broader support for his fight against the general's "dictatorship." It was then that Mitterrand decided to become a spokesman of the opposition.

Mitterrand's fight against De Gaulle's investiture as President of the Fifth Republic cost him his parliamentary seat. After winning it back in 1962, he embarked on a long-term strategy of strengthening the non-Communist left and then joining forces with the Communists. To his critics his maneuvering looked like sheer opportunism. To close associates it was a matter of pragmatism motivated by a respect for "republicanism."

Mitterrand's strong race against De Gaulle in the 1965 presidential elections, run with the support of both Socialists and Communists, was the beginning of his rise to power in the left. In 1971 he became head of the Socialist Party, and the following year masterminded the five-year Socialist-Communist Common Program. The reverses he experienced did not deter him, even when he ran for the second time for the presidency in 1974 and lost to Giscard by a mere 424,599 votes. As Mitterrand's closest comrade, the late Georges Dayan, observed, "Mitterrand's great strength is that he knows how to wait."

For Mitterrand the long wait before his ascension to power may have been easier than for politicians with fewer extracurricular interests. "Literature is always for me a privileged paradise," he says. A closet poet, he is lyrical when he speaks of the wonders of nature, and he reads incessantly. "He loves literature," says one of his advisers. "When things are not going badly he will talk about nothing but literature; he only talks politics when he is worried." His favorite writer is Chateaubriand. But he also reveres Balzac, Emile Zola, Gabriel Garcia Marquez and the Nobel-prizewinning French poet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Saint-John Perse. He came to Marx late and has never read him in his entirety. Several years ago, at a summer cultural festival in Avignon, he remarked, "The day when there will be a socialist art, I will no longer be a socialist."

Not content with having produced his eleven books of nonfiction, he still hopes to complete a novel on Lorenzo the Magnificent, which he has been researching for more than a decade. In his book *The Straw and the Grain*, he wrote, "If I had the time, I would write the history of the rivers I have known." Journalist Paul Guimard calls him "a great writer." Literary Critic Bertrand Poirot-Delpech rates him with Léon Blum and De Gaulle as the most literary of French politicians: "Each phrase of Mitterrand, even spoken, bears the mark of someone who has never ceased to read the great writers, to scribble, to scratch out and, in short, to dream with words."

Though he does not enjoy the Paris cocktail-party circuit, Mitterrand likes to dine with such old Socialist comrades as Claude Estier, Louis Mermaz and Pierre Joxe. Other close friends include a businessman from his native region and the owner of a taxi fleet. He is seen from time to time in Left Bank restaurants with one or another of the attractive young women whose company he enjoys. But he is also a family man who spends most weekends with his wife, visiting friends or staying in his converted sheep barn in southwestern France.

Says his brother-in-law, Actor Roger Hanin: "He is preoccupied by two notions: love and death. Not one day goes by without his thinking about death. During the long walks he takes he evokes these two subjects. Without love, he seems to think, man would fall into the deepest neurosis."

Since he surprised most observers by deciding to run for the presidency for the third time last year, Mitterrand has had to devote more of his time to politics. This time, however, his campaign seemed to fit more gracefully into the reflective side of his life. "At his age he is much more philosophical about all this," remarked a campaign adviser.

A lot of coaching and a bit of cosmetic aid have vastly improved Mitterrand's style and appearance. His protruding front teeth have been filed down to make him look less formidable. Following the advice of his image-conscious advisers, he scrapped his proletarian corduroy and tweed sports jackets for more "presidential" gray and navy flannel suits. Prone to catching cold, Mitterrand has not given up his enveloping overcoat and his colorful scarves, but he has substituted camel's hair for loden cloth. Practice in front of a video recorder has helped him overcome a bad blinking problem, which distracted viewers from what he was saying. It has also helped him achieve the relaxed look that is in keeping with his campaign claim to be France's *"homme tranquille."* It remains to be seen whether France's new President can maintain his imperturbability in the new era ahead.

—By Sandra Burton

The Pen and the Voice

In books, articles, speeches and interviews, the new President of the Fifth Republic has displayed a wide-ranging mind, a precise turn of phrase and a feel for the texture of life. Excerpts:

On the left: To deny that the earth turns, to close one's eyes to new sensibilities, to forget that each generation has its own needs, its style and its language was a very widespread attitude in the traditional *milieux* of the left It is an attitude that irritated and worried me.

On the leftist demonstrators of May 1968: Leading the demonstrations were boys under 30 years of age who were imitating their elders of the Popular Front. The difference was that their elders knew all the words to the *Internationale*, not just the first couplet. It is always comic (or sad, as the case may be) to see so many young people affirm their personalities and free themselves from the society of adults by imitating adults.

On Americans: I like Americans, but not their politics. Under the Fourth Republic I was exasperated by the climate of obedience to their slightest wishes. I did not recognize their right to set themselves up as the gendarmes of the world.

On Henry Kissinger: His language is unconventional—what a pleasure in this cold and mechanical world! His style is like no one else's; Kissinger lives like Kissinger. Still, his [1973] Nobel Peace Prize bothers me. First of all it seems unfair. The prize should have been given to the Pentagon. Following the same line of thought, I suggest to the Nobel jury that it consider Uganda's Idi Amin, who has not shattered the skull of any of his ministers for at least a year

On New York: When one asks me the cities I prefer, I put New York in the ranks of Venice, Ghent, Florence, Jerusalem. The first time I saw New York it was from the sky. How dazzling! I had flown there overnight, and the rising sun had not dissipated the mist of the early morning. Manhattan, gray and golden in its geometric relief, had a full softness. I have returned there five or six times. By plane I have always experienced the same shock, the same impression of entering the future through the window.

On Christianity: I was born a Christian and will doubtless die in the same state. But in the meantime, the Christian explanation is so rich in resonances. Still, I have an irreconcilable quarrel with the church's complicity throughout the centuries with an established order that I abhor. And I believe that the misfortune of our generation is to have forgotten the primacy of reason.

On being French: Let us speak of the forgotten man, abandoned, lost, delivered over to the powers that crush him. People in most places are dying of hunger, of misery and solitude, a whole people was killed in Cambodia, and another is being killed in Timor, the children of Uganda awake to the consciousness of the wretchedness of having been born, and the birds of prey—the world powers—are gnawing on the bones of 2,000 million human beings. Where would the established order be on two-thirds of this planet without the machine gun or the rope, torture or exile? It is on this scale that I measure the privilege of being French

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WEST BERLIN

Losing City Hall

A vote against Schmidt's party

Western Europe's political leaders have been fairly warned. If there is any discernible mood sweeping the Continent, it is an indiscriminate, throw-the-rascals-out rejection of the status quo. On the same day that Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was losing the French presidency to Socialist François Mitterrand, West Berlin voters were giving a similar demonstration of discontent with West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's Social Democrats, who had ruled the divided city for 26 years. Tainted by corruption, the city's Social Democratic Party polled a meager 38.4%, its worst postwar score, and down more than four points from the last election in 1979. The S.P.D.'s coalition partners, the Free Democrats (F.D.P.), won only 5.6% of the vote, barely clearing the 5% necessary for representation in the city assembly.

The outcome was a severe blow to the Social Democrats. Nearly six months after Schmidt's re-election as Chancellor, his party had lost a traditional fief. It now holds power in only four of West Germany's eleven states. Moreover, the vote indicated that Schmidt's support of nuclear energy and the basing of new U.S. missiles on West German soil are meeting increasing resistance in the electorate. S.P.D. leftists had already come out in favor of disarmament and looser links with NATO. As the Chancellor prepared for talks with Ronald Reagan in Washington this week, he seemed more vulnerable than he has at any other time since taking office in 1974.

Yet the Berlin election did not produce a clear-cut victor. The Christian Democratic Union (C.D.U.) garnered 47.9% of the vote, its best showing ever, but the party still fell short of a majority. The biggest winner in this disillusioned city of 2 million, beset by youth protest and a wave of squatters taking over vacant buildings, was the Alternative List: a motley array of leftists, environmentalists, pacifists and others who reject all aspects of West German society. Using the symbol of a green hedgehog, this irreverent protest group polled 7.2%, and for the first time gained representation in the city parliament with nine seats. The *Alternativen* thus upset the old three-party balance and complicated the task of finding a working majority.

West Berlin's elections were held two years early because a scandal over municipal building contracts forced the resignation of S.P.D. Mayor Dietrich Stobbe last January. To halt the decline of the S.P.D. in its onetime bastion, Schmidt had sent his federal justice minister, Hans-Jochen Vogel, 55, to take over as mayor and prepare for new elections.

Chancellor Helmut Schmidt

A throw-the-rascals-out mood

A popular former mayor of Munich widely regarded as Schmidt's heir apparent, Vogel made an impressive effort. He stopped officials from forcibly evicting squatters and stumped the city, pumping hands, urging restraint, promising reform. A pre-election poll put his personal popularity rating eight points ahead of his opponent, silver-haired Richard von Weizsäcker, 61, the competent but colorless C.D.U. candidate who had come out squarely against the squatters.

But Vogel could not carry the party with him. The city's young people—their ranks swollen because Berlin residents get draft deferments—blamed the S.P.D. for an acute shortage of decent, affordable housing, and they rebelled against police suppression of those who protest on the streets against these conditions. Their elders held the Social Democrats responsible for the breakdown of law-and-order arising from clashes between police and demonstrators.

The election results left Christian Democrat Von Weizsäcker just two seats short of a legislative majority, and he spent much of last week looking for a coalition partner. The *Alternativen* quickly refused, as did the S.P.D. That left the Free Democrats, who seemed reluctantly open to the idea. Explained Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher, the party leader: "Part of our national responsibility is to ensure stable government in Berlin." Schmidt bravely concurred, noting that a C.D.U.-F.D.P. coalition already runs the state government of the Saarland. But the prospect of shifting alliances in Berlin inevitably touched off talk of similar moves in Bonn, where F.D.P. right-wingers are increasingly impatient with the leftists in Schmidt's unruly party. That, in turn, raised a larger question in Europe's changing political climate: Giscard is gone; is Schmidt in trouble too? ■

SWEDEN

Fälldin's Fall

Bedeviled by tax reform

No issue is so certain to rile the normally subdued Swedes as taxes. With reason. The average Swedish worker must turn over about half of his earnings to finance the cradle-to-grave welfare society, and for the self-employed the tax bite frequently exceeds 85% of income. Historian Sven Stolpe was so disgusted by his tax assessment that he threatened to burn all his unpublished manuscripts. An actor even set himself ablaze last March outside Stockholm's tax office. But most Swedes have chosen a less extreme alternative: the ballot box. In 1976 they turned out the Social Democratic Labor Party after four decades of growth in Sweden's social experiment. Last week the only alternative to the socialists, the ruling three-party coalition of Centrist Prime Minister Thorbjörn Fälldin, was in trouble. Once again the bedeviling issue of tax reform was to blame.

Sweden's latest political crisis came to a head when Fälldin called in opposition Social Democratic leaders for routine discussions of the government's tax-reform program. During an all-night session late last month, a negotiator for Fälldin unexpectedly agreed to Social Democratic demands that a proposed 50% limit in taxes on income earned after wages be delayed until 1983. He also agreed to reduce by 50% the deductions that high-income property owners could claim for interest payments. The surprise deal angered Gösta Bohman, leader of the coalition's Moderate (Conservative) Party, who blasted the compromise as "a total capitulation." Said Bohman: "They didn't even telephone me once, and I'm the Finance Minister." After he stormed out of the government with seven other ministers, Fälldin was forced to resign.

Fälldin vowed to head a new minority government, but with polls showing the Social Democrats out in front with 50.7% of the vote, most Swedes were betting that veteran Party Leader Olof Palme would be back in power before long. Said Palme: "Since we have to bring the country out of an economic crisis, the sooner we get started the better." Whether he could control Sweden's 12% inflation and growing payments deficit was a matter of debate. Though public expenditure now accounts for two-thirds of Sweden's G.N.P., the Social Democrats are talking about spending even more to finance a scheme to create new jobs. Demanded one taxpayer in Stockholm: "Who's going to pay for it?" ■

Fälldin

ZOOM 17

Israeli troops, manning U.S.-made self-propelled howitzers, near the Syrian border

MIDDLE EAST

Bracing for the Worst

Israel and Syria offer little room for compromise

The atmosphere was electric. Even as U.S. diplomacy tried to keep them apart, Israel and Syria exchanged bellicose threats and seemed to draw closer to all-out conflict. Israeli armored forces headed north for what many feared might be a combined land and air attack inside Lebanon. As if preparing for the worst, Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin warned, "We have from time to time to take decisions to send our sons to war." Syrian forces were similarly mobilized. In Lebanon's Bekaa Valley, where most of Syria's 22,000 peace-keeping troops are stationed, Syrian armored units turned their guns southward to face the possible Israeli blitz. In Syria, airborne and infantry reservists were called up, and hospital wards were cleared to make room for potential military casualties.

At sea, the 18,000-ton *Moskva*, a Soviet carrier, steamed closer to Lebanon in obvious support of the Syrian troops. At the same time, the aircraft carrier *Independence* and two other U.S. warships sailed through the Suez Canal into the eastern Mediterranean. The carrier *Forrestal* was also in the area, with a task force that included 1,500 U.S. Marines. The State Department instructed American embassy employees in Beirut to send their dependents home, and advised other Americans to leave. Calling U.S. diplomatic efforts to avert a conflict "a long shot," Secretary of State Alexander Haig warned gloomily: "Time is running out."

At the crux of the crisis was Syria's deployment two weeks ago of three batteries of Soviet-made SA-6 antiaircraft missiles in the Bekaa Valley of eastern Lebanon. Israel continued to demand that the missiles be removed from Lebanon and threatened military action. It was not as though the missiles were there merely for show, after all. On several occasions last week, Syria fired a succession of the SA-6s and managed to shoot down a pilotless Israeli reconnaissance drone.

The danger that the Middle East was storming toward a major conflict added a special urgency to the elaborate U.S. peace mission: a hectic diplomatic shuttle between Beirut, Damascus and Jerusalem by Special Envoy Philip Habib. After meeting with Begin early in the week, Habib went to Beirut for talks with Lebanon's President, Elias Sarkis. Then he climbed back into his black limousine for a midnight drive to Damascus, where he met for the second time with Syria's President, Hafez Assad, to impress upon him the need for restraint while trying to coax concessions that might break the negotiating impasse. Later he hopped aboard an executive Air Force jet for another shuttle to Israel. At week's end he flew to Saudi Arabia for consultations. Lips sealed on the progress of his explorations, Habib told reporters at the airport in Damascus: "It's still silent movies, boys."

But if Habib's exact proposals remained a secret, it was assumed that his peace formula rested on two reciprocal concessions:

1) Christian Phalangist forces in Lebanon would cede control of the eastern city of Zahle to Lebanese army regulars. This would allow both the Christians and the Syrians to disengage from their battle for control of the city, the clash that had provoked the latest crisis.

2) Israel, which supports the Christian Phalangists, would halt air activity over Lebanon's Bekaa Valley near the Syrian border, thus giving Syria a face-saving way of withdrawing its missile batteries.

The plan was likely to encounter difficulties, however. The Syrians objected to replacing the Christians with Lebanese regulars because they believe the army is rife with Phalangist sympathizers. Assad, moreover, continued to insist that the Israelis must cease air activity over all of Lebanon, including the southern strongholds of Palestinian guerrillas. Israel, in turn, bluntly rejected any limitations on its overflights of Lebanon, including the Bekaa Valley. Tel Aviv contended that its security demands the right to carry out reconnaissance flights, as well as pre-emptive strikes against Palestinian positions in Lebanon.

Despite the risk of war with a state far superior in military power, Syria refused to budge on the missile standoff. Assad told Habib that Israel had violated a gentleman's agreement when it attacked Syrian forces by shooting down two helicopters on April 28. Assad said he had no option but to protect his troops against such air assaults by moving in the missiles.

The standoff provided an unexpected boon to Syria's buffeted prestige by compelling other Arab governments to back Damascus in its confrontation with Israel. Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and other donors had cut off funds to the Syrian peace-keeping force in Lebanon, which is known as the Arab Deterrent Force. The action was taken two weeks ago to compel Syria to restrain its attacks on Christian positions. But the Israeli assault on the helicopters forced the Arabs to close ranks. Observed a senior Western diplomat in Damascus last week: "It was a grave tactical error by Begin. Even if the Syrians lose a few missiles to air strikes, they know they will gain in sympathy from other Arabs."

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In Israel, the crisis and the Begin government's handling of it touched off a series of raucous and unruly debates in the Knesset, the Israeli parliament. The opposition had already accused Begin of trying to make political capital out of the situation in his campaign for the June 30 elections. Then Begin made the startling admission that Israeli aircraft had actually been prepared to strike against the missiles at 11 a.m., 1 p.m. and 3 p.m. on April 30, the day after the missiles were first introduced into Lebanon. The attacks had not taken place, Begin said, because of weather conditions. The revelation caused a chorus of dismay among members of Israel's military community. Said a former high intelligence official: "This was a very dangerous piece of information to give away." Air force officers said that the information could convey to potential foes the conditions under which the Israeli air force could not operate. Reflecting the growing concern over Begin's actions, the independent daily *Yediot Aharonot* editorialized: "The Knesset debate clarified nothing. Quite the contrary: it is possible it has created an impression of amateur handling of Israel's affairs in such a serious situation."

For all its military and air superiority, Israel has a great deal to lose if war should break out. In addition to making an aerial "surgical strike" against the missiles, the Israelis could attack Syria directly. Theoretically, at least, they are also capable of marching into southern Lebanon and all the way to Zahle. But such an adventure is hardly a tempting option since it would run the risk of far more casualties than the Israeli public would tolerate. Moreover, Syria has taken advantage of Israel's hesitation to beef up its own ground forces along the border. An entire armored brigade, with about 100 tanks, was moved into Lebanon to reinforce positions in the Bekaa Valley. Concluded a Western military attaché in Damascus last week: "It is definitely more difficult for Israel to attack the missile sites now than it was a week ago."

For this reason, there were still hopes that the Habib mission might yet produce an understanding among all the parties. One possible avenue lay in a plan outlined to TIME by a high Begin aide last week. Under the proposal, the Christian Phalangists and Syrians would disengage their forces near Zahle and elsewhere in the Bekaa Valley, as reportedly called for in the Habib formula. Israel, however, instead of ceasing its overflights in the Bekaa Valley, would pledge not to attack the Syrians on the ground or otherwise threaten their status as a peace-keeping force in Lebanon. If the Syrians were to accept this live-and-let-live approach, said the aide, it might be relatively simple, after a face-saving period of time, for them to take their missiles quietly out of Lebanon. *—By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by David Aikman/Jerusalem and William Drozdiak/Damascus*

EL SALVADOR

New Strategy

The guerrillas are back

Ever since the defeat of their self-described "final offensive" last winter and their failure to spark a civilian uprising, El Salvador's leftist guerrillas have been thought to be under control. But in some parts of the country regrouped leftists have come back with a vengeance. Profiting from the painful lessons of last winter's setbacks, they are now conducting a classic war of attrition, inflicting heavy casualties on Salvadoran troops and avoiding serious losses themselves.

Moving about many areas of the countryside with relative freedom, the guerrillas interdict roads and harass army supply and communications links. Bands of insurgents occupy villages and occasionally even a sizable town for a few days at a time. When superior government forces arrive, the guerrillas fade away. When the army units move on, the guerrillas are apt to return shortly thereafter. In Chalatenango department, such hit-and-run tactics have forced army troops to stay close to their barracks. In Morazán department, the insurgents control most of the countryside. Last week TIME Correspondent James Willwerth traveled to Morazán, 100 miles from San Salvador, to assess the latest fighting. His report:

Seven months ago, the Salvadoran army believed it had pushed the guerrillas in this rugged eastern department north, up to the Honduran border, and rendered them incapable of causing trouble for a long time to come. Now, however, the guerrillas of the Revolutionary Army of the People (E.R.P.) are back in large numbers, and the armed forces have also returned for a new offensive with some 2,000 infantrymen, backed by U.S.-made helicopters, trucks and armored vehicles. It is an indication of how well the guerrillas are dug in and how well they are fighting that this time the army's goal is to drive them north of the Torola River, leaving much of the department in E.R.P. control.

At the moment, the offensive appears to be in trouble, and government forces are taking high casualties. In the tiny capital of San Francisco Gotera (pop. 5,000), for instance, clattering helicopters regularly emerge from the dark rainy-season skies to bring in the wounded. Most of them land just outside of town and transfer their passengers to planes headed south, but some head for the main square in front of the village church, and from there the more seriously wounded—as many as 15 to 20 a day—are taken for emergency treatment to the town's civilian hospital. The rate of casualties is so high that the army has provided a brand-new X-ray unit and blood bank, and three army doctors rotate on duty.

Roads going north out of San Francisco Gotera are blocked. Red Cross drivers have not been able to get supplies to Torola, a town 20 miles to the north, for six months. E.R.P. forces occupied the town of Villa el Rosario (pop. 2,000) for two weeks until a large government force moved in and surrounded it early this month. Then the guerrillas slipped away in the dark, avoiding a fight. Early last week guerrilla ground fire for the first time forced down a U.S.-made Huey helicopter carrying troops over the battle area. A Salvadoran Green Beret commander, who is in charge of all army operations in Morazán, admits that the guerrillas set up operations on major roadways until his troops are sent to chase them away.

The guerrillas also appear to be taking few casualties. The security forces, totaling 15,000 troops, simply lack the manpower to respond effectively to fast-moving insurgent units operating on their own terrain. "The guerrillas' idea is to grind the government down," concludes one foreign military expert. In Morazán and elsewhere in El Salvador, they appear to have begun working skillfully to keep government forces tied down and the countryside in turmoil. ■

Youthful guerrillas, armed with automatic rifles, wait to go on patrol in Morazán province

For the first time, ground fire forced down a U.S.-made Huey helicopter.

In Europe, the Dollar Talks

And it's saying that travel is again affordable for Americans

For the past decade, an American in Paris has been an endangered species. Because of the steadily declining dollar, romance atop the Eiffel Tower—or whatever else might take a tourist's fancy—has been out of reach to all but the most stratospheric budgets. This year, however, Yanks can strike up a new chorus of "I love Paris in the springtime"—or summer, or fall. Reason: the dollar is back in grace. The exchange rate has improved 31% since a year ago, making U.S. purchasing power greater than it has been since 1969; and last week's election victory by François Mitterrand's Socialist Party gave the rate another jolt by further weakening the franc (*see* WORLD). Tourists have been quick to capitalize on the change. Despite stiff increases in transatlantic airfares, advance bookings from New York City to Paris are up 33%.

Lunch at a Paris brasserie

Among the attractions: a suite for two at the four-star Mayflower Hotel, one block north of the Champs Elysées, complete with terrace, breakfast, tax and service, costs $50.90 (scarcely $5 more than a Holiday Inn around Detroit). Lunch for two at an elegant restaurant (green salad, gigot d'agneau, Cabernet Sauvignon and chocolate charlotte) runs $40. More modest pocketbooks can find such café fare as a small quiche or an omelet at $2, a chef's salad at $3.55. A 14-block rush-hour cab ride comes to $2.25, sans tip.

While none of this is exactly in the rucksack range, it is affordable for many inflation-battered Americans. Says Dallas Housewife Beth Gilson, who is touring Paris with her insurance executive husband: "It's still more expensive than what I'm used to, but it's no more expensive than cities like San Francisco and New York." Even students are scrimping less. Susan Shafer, 19, of Michigan State University, who is on a ten-week foreign study program, shares a two-bedroom flat in the Latin Quarter for $16 a day, a price that includes two meals.

The new strength of the dollar is showing up in other nations as well. According to S.J. Taqi, editor of the Geneva-based *Guide to Executive Travel Costs*, Americans will find that "travel in Europe generally is going to be cheaper this year than for quite a while."

After several seasons of extraordinarily high prices, Americans in Denmark will get a break. The dollar has appreciated 22% against the krone, while prices at tourist-oriented hotels and restaurants have risen only 5%. A new service for tourists is Dan-menu, a standard two-course Danish meal in many restaurants in Copenhagen and elsewhere for about $7.

The dollar's strength against the lira more than cancels out Italy's inflation of 20%, so vacations there will cost about the same as they did last year. Even at that, Italy is still a relatively inexpensive place to travel by Western European standards. A first-class meal, including a succulent pasta, a main course of meat, fish or chicken, a salad, dessert, rich espresso coffee and a good bottle of Chianti, can easily be found for less than $26 per person. A meal in a more modest restaurant can go for as little as $8. Gasoline is high—$3.25 per gal.—but that is offset by fares on Italian trains: $14 for a first-class one-way ticket between Rome and Naples.

In some European countries, the dollar's strength has been softened by inflation. In always expensive Sweden, the dollar has risen 16% against the krone, but the cost of living index is also up 16% and still rising. A martini can cost $10, a fixed-price dinner $30 and a carafe of wine $8. There is some relief in McDonald's, where a family of five can feed on Big Macs for $21, and in Chinese restaurants, where a meal for two costs about $13. Hotels have countered with special rates for tourists: the Sheraton-Stockholm offers a double room with Continental breakfast for $60 a night as part of a four-night package deal. The normal rate for a single is a steep $138.

In England, higher exchange rates against the pound are of little help. Anyone trying to live in London on $5 a day would end up on a park bench with a couple of hamburgers, some French fries and a cup of coffee. A year ago the value of sterling peaked at $2.46. It has come down to about $2.10, still not low enough to attract Americans in the once familiar droves, even with Robert Morley's welcoming TV pitches for British Airways. The wry rule of thumb for U.S. citizens planning to visit Britain is to read U.S. prices in sterling: an item worth $10 in the U.S. will cost nearly 10 pounds ($21.60) in London, which now ranks as the world's fourth most expensive city (after Tokyo, Lagos and Buenos Aires).

The best bets for the American with wanderlust are the proliferating package tours. In Austria last winter, an eight-day ski holiday at Innsbruck (including airfare, hotel, ski-lift passes and some meals) cost as little as $750, comparable to what a Manhattanite might have spent for a trip to Aspen. In West Germany, where the dollar is up 25%, hotel rooms still run well over $100 a night in major cities, but trips to the more romantic countryside, where a comfortable room in a rustic inn may cost $15 (with breakfast), are a real bargain. One "wunderbike" trip takes the cyclist into the upper reaches of the Rhine and the Black Forest for seven days of wine sampling, castle viewing and visits to monasteries for $725, not counting airfare.

How long will the favorable exchanges last? As long as U.S. banks continue to offer higher interest rates than their European competitors, says Martin Gilman, an American economist based in Paris. If interest rates scale down as expected during the summer, so may the value of the dollar, which last week was worth 5.5 francs (*vs.* 4.9 last month). But, says Gilman, "with the American economy now growing faster than its competitors and sucking in more money from abroad, I don't see the dollar dropping below 5 francs this summer." *Vive la différence!* ■

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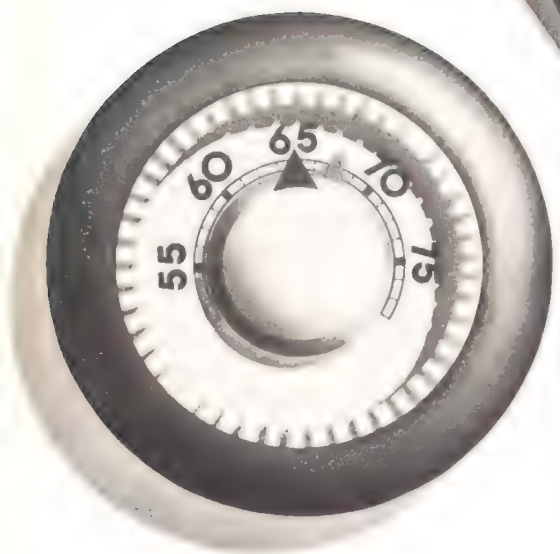

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INFLATION. TOGETHER, WE CAN SELF-CONTROL IT.

Those Bad News Bears

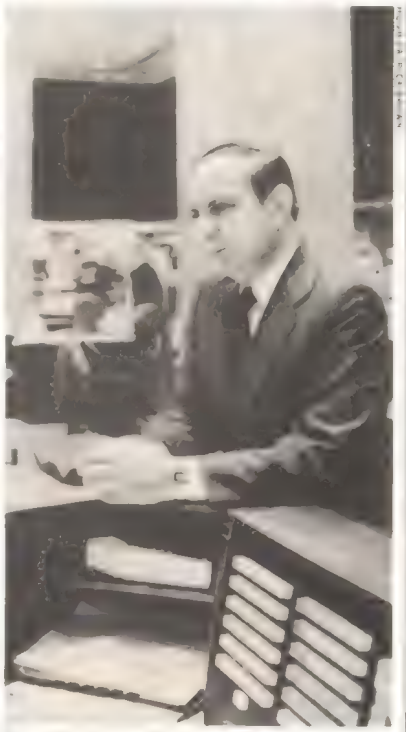
Two key Wall Street sages raise concern over the supply-side program

Wall Street had more topsy-turvy times last week. On Monday the major banks raised the benchmark prime interest rate they charge many business clients a half point to 19.5%. Immediately the Dow Jones industrial stock average fell 13 points to 963, continuing its drop of 61 points in less than a month. But later in the week the Dow rallied 23 points to close at 986. Bond prices, which had plunged some 7.5% since the end of March, also slumped on Monday but came back to finish up about 2% for the week.

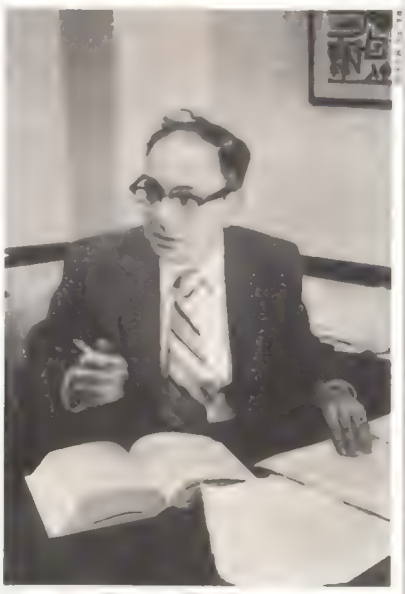
The spark for the late-week recovery came from Washington as the White House, increasingly alarmed about the disarray in financial markets, tried to restore confidence among moneymen. President Reagan abruptly abandoned his pledge to spare Social Security retirement payments from the budget ax; he proposed reductions in old-age and other benefits that will trim Social Security payouts by 10% and shave $46 billion in the next five years. Lawrence Kudlow, chief economist at the Office of Management and Budget, promised that more spending cuts and deferrals were on the way and hinted that the Administration might scale back slightly its request for outsized increases in military spending. Said he: "Nothing is untouchable, including defense." Perhaps most important, White House spokesmen said that the President might be willing to make a compromise with Democrats in Congress who want to reduce the size of the three-year, 30% tax rate cut plan that is the heart of the Administration's supply-side economic strategy.

These actions may have been a tentative—and no doubt reluctant—tip of the hat in the direction of a group of vocal Wall Street critics who have been arguing all spring that inflationary pressures were still strong and were likely to intensify as a result of Reagan's combination of large tax cuts and hefty boosts in defense spending. The most prominent of these skeptics are a pair of bad news bears: Henry Kaufman, 53, chief economist for the investment banking house of Salomon Bros., and Albert M. Wojnilower (pronounced *Wodge*-nee-lauer), 51, who holds the same post at the rival First Boston. They are two of the most respected oracles in the financial community; their ability to analyze and forecast money market trends with unusual accuracy has attracted legions of loyal followers.

While other forecasters were predicting earlier this year that weakness in the economy would drive interest rates steadily down, Kaufman and Wojnilower strongly dissented. In March Wojnilower warned: "An embedded inflation rate of 10% now has little chance of receding, and it's only a matter of several weeks or months until economic strength translates into greater monetary growth and higher interest rates to restrain it." On April 22, Kaufman criticized parts of Reagan's economic strategy in a speech to the National Press Club. Said he: "The Administration's fiscal policy is exceedingly expansionary and does not pursue a course that fights inflation vigorously." As a result, he contended, the prime rate would start rising. As Kaufman spoke, the prime stood at 17½%.



Henry Kaufman of Salomon Bros.



Albert Wojnilower of First Boston

When they speak, the markets quake.

Kaufman and Wojnilower had correctly foreseen that unexpected vigor in the economy would inflate the U.S. money supply. In April it grew at a surprising, and alarming, annual rate of 21%. Last week the Federal Reserve reported that the supply of money increased by $3.1 billion in the first week of May, a gain that was more modest than expected. To prevent an acceleration of inflation, the Federal Reserve Board has been draining reserve funds from the banking system and driving up interest rates.

Many economists believe that these latest turns of the money screw will be enough to cool off the economy gradually, but Kaufman and Wojnilower insist that any interest rate relief will be temporary. Their reasoning: unchecked Government borrowing and huge deficits will keep heavy pressure on the price of money. To prove his point, Kaufman notes that for fiscal 1982, which begins on Oct. 1, President Reagan plans to slash nondefense spending by $40 billion but boost military outlays by $30 billion and cut taxes by $56.6 billion. The net result of those three steps would be a $46.6 billion shot in the arm for the economy. Kaufman asserts that such a stimulative fiscal policy will force the Federal Reserve to fight inflation alone, and the result will be record interest rates.

Administration officials argue vehemently that their Wall Street critics underestimate the President's brand of supply-side economics. Big cuts in personal tax rates, they say, will spur people to work harder and save more, thereby generating more money for the capital markets and more revenues for the Government. Grumbles Treasury Secretary Donald Regan: "Wall Street is full of Keynesians. They still cannot understand

how a tax cut will be anything other than inflationary. I'm going to educate them."

Kaufman and Wojnilower will be obdurate pupils. Says Kaufman: "I am not convinced that there is real historical evidence to suggest that across-the-board tax cuts will quickly encourage Americans to work harder or to save more." Adds Wojnilower: "There is no salvation on the supply side. Politically, the Reagan program has been well tuned, but economically it's cacophonous."

These two men share a distaste for easy solutions to complex problems in part because nothing has ever come easily for them. They are both European-born Jews whose families fled the Nazi Holocaust in the 1930s. Kaufman came to the U.S. from Germany, Wojnilower from Austria. Both became exceptional scholars of economics. Wojnilower was first in his class at Columbia College; Kaufman earned a doctorate in finance from New York University.

Of the two, Kaufman is more of a public performer who relishes making dramatic speeches to packed audiences of edgy moneymen. When he furrows his brow and speaks in slow, solemn tones, the markets often quake. Early last year he told a group of bankers that the U.S. was "lurching toward a national economic emergency." That same day the Dow Jones index dropped 18 points. One day last week bond prices rallied, in part on the rumor that Kaufman was turning optimistic, only to lose momentum when the story proved to be false. Kaufman believes in personal as well as financial discipline: he has no hobbies and rises regularly at 5:55 a.m. to reach his office by 7:30. But he still has hints of flair, including a taste for mod double-breasted suits, gourmet restaurants and vintage wines.

With his disheveled hair and dark-rimmed spectacles, Wojnilower looks more like a physicist than a financier. An intensely private person, he shuns speechmaking and generally reserves his opinions for clients and superiors at First Boston. Says he: "I play something of a court jester role here. Anyone else who told the truth would lose his head for sure."

Like many members of the business community, both Kaufman and Wojnilower support the Reagan Administration's austere economic policies but are somewhat skeptical about some of its supply-side assumptions. They doubt that the large tax cuts will result in a burst of saving and growth, believing rather that the outcome will be a still fatter federal deficit. Therefore, they are calling for tougher fiscal and monetary policies. Kaufman contends that across-the-board tax cuts should be postponed and the federal budget should be balanced by next year. Wojnilower advocates placing controls on the amount of credit that banks can issue. Wall Street is unlikely to regain its composure fully until the Reagan Administration takes some policy steps in those directions. *—By Charles Alexander. Reported by Frederick Ungeheuer/New York*

Hard Times at Harvester

A long strike derails Archie McCardell's bold plans

Archie McCardell, 54, came to International Harvester in 1977 with the express aim of saving the company. The new chairman of the truck and farm- and construction-equipment giant (1980 sales: $6.3 billion) was recruited from his job as president of Xerox to modernize and expand the firm, which up to then had been mainly family-run. After an initial success, however, McCardell and the company both met with trouble. International Harvester in its 1980 fiscal year lost $397 million and in the first quarter of 1981 another $96.4 million. It has also omitted its stock dividend for the first time in 71 years. No company outside the auto industry lost more money during that period.

Strikers and the reforming chairman

No firm outside of autos lost more money.

Desperately short of cash, International Harvester in March of 1981 defaulted on its short-term loans and begged its 225 creditor banks for an extra three years to restructure a debt of close to $5 billion. Last week the majority of the banks reluctantly agreed to the refinancing. The company also raised some cash by selling its Solar Turbines division to Caterpillar for $505 million.

The famine at International Harvester has come after years of plenty. Founded in 1831 by Cyrus McCormick, the inventor of the first mechanical reaper, the company was directed primarily by the McCormick family until 1977. But Chairman Brooks McCormick, Cyrus' great-grandnephew, then admitted that the firm had become "stodgy." Said McCormick two months before his retirement as chief executive officer: "We've been a slumbering giant. We need a shake-up and a darned good one!"

McCardell, an M.B.A. from the University of Michigan and a veteran of Ford Motor Co. as well as Xerox, was brought in to give International Harvester that shake-up. The firm agreed to pay him a salary of $460,000, a $1.5 million signing bonus and a $1.8 million loan at 6% interest. The loan was to be used to buy Harvester stock, and the company promised to turn it into a gift if McCardell increased International Harvester's financial performance beyond that of the average of its six main competitors.

McCardell moved quickly and vigorously. He set out to cut spending by $640 million and launched a $879 million three-year program to modernize several outdated plants and build a new one. The immediate results seemed to justify McCardell's lucrative compensation package. In 1979 International Harvester had record sales of $8.4 billion and alltime profits of $370 million.

Disaster, however, soon struck. McCardell decided to provoke a showdown with the United Auto Workers, the company's major union, over changes in the work rules. Workers at International Harvester, unlike those at such competitors as Deere and Caterpillar, had no compulsory overtime, for example. McCardell claimed that the work rules and other inefficiencies had cost the company $1.3 billion over the previous three years and vowed to make some important changes. But on Nov. 1, 1979, 35,000 workers walked out rather than accept the new work rules. The strike, which became the longest in U.A.W. history, lasted 172 days, cost the company $400 million in lost profits, and boosted short-term debt from $442 million to a staggering $1 billion.

International Harvester has never fully recovered from the strike, which was settled by an agreement that both sides claimed as a victory. The company has lost a share of the farm-equipment market to Deere in the past two years. Officials insist that profits will eventually improve because of the intensive cost cutting that McCardell has introduced. Pay for corporate officers has been reduced by 20%, and salaries for 30,000 white-collar employees have been frozen. The company has even canceled plans to celebrate its 150th birthday with a musical about its founder. Nonetheless, Stock Analyst Robert Hollis of Milwaukee's Robert W. Baird & Co. warns that the long-range outlook is still not good. Says he: "The refinancing may not be adequate; at the end of three years Harvester could be back for more money. Next time the banks may say no." ■

Shake-Up in a Staid Industry

High interest rates put the squeeze on insurance firms

For generations, Americans have looked upon life insurance, along with a home, a car, and perhaps a college education for the children, as one of the major financial commitments of a lifetime. That attitude is starting to change, and the results are shaking the very foundations of the $432 billion life insurance industry.

Since more and more corporations now offer life insurance policies as an employment perk, many consumers are less likely than they once were to go out and buy insurance for themselves and their families. And in a world of sky-high and rising interest rates, consumers are wondering whether traditional insurance is a very good deal. If current rates of inflation continue, even a $250,000 life insurance policy bought today would not be worth much in 20 years. Moreover, money invested in many such policies earns interest at rates of no more than a paltry 4% annually.

Life insurance companies, the third largest holders of capital after savings and loans and commercial banks, are caught in the middle of the current upheaval in the way Americans manage their money. As people increasingly put their cash into savings certificates or money market funds to earn higher interest, they are abandoning traditional low-interest investment havens like passbook bank accounts and life insurance policies. Prudential Insurance of Newark, the nation's largest insurer (1980 assets: $59.7 billion), joined the financial revolution earlier this year when it acquired the Bache Group, parent firm of Bache Halsey Stuart Shields, a Wall Street brokerage house. Says Richard Tartre, senior vice president at the Wall Street investment firm E.F. Hutton, which has an insurance subsidiary: "The idea of safe long-term investments is simply doomed. Insurance companies have no choice but to become multipurpose financial entities."

The industry's main enemy is the high cost of money. As interest rates have climbed in the past two years, the market value of investments made by insurance companies has declined at some companies by as much as 40% below their book value. At the same time, alert policyholders have discovered that the money invested in their life insurance policies often provides the cheapest loans around. One favorite ploy is to borrow at low interest rates against insurance policies and then reinvest the money in higher-yielding money market funds, Treasury bills or six-month bank deposits. By February of this year, such borrowed funds stood at a startling $42.6 billion.

In a typical case last December, a New Jersey judge and his wife borrowed $20,000 against the $61,500 face value of four policies that were at least 15 years old. The couple paid only 5% interest on the borrowed money, and they were able to put it into two U.S. Treasury notes that yielded 13.65%. The result was an easy 8% profit.

The low return on old investments and heavy borrowing against life insurance policies have combined to create a severe pinch for many insurance companies. Even large and well-funded firms like Connecticut General Life and John Hancock have had to borrow a total of $500 million in order to solve short-term cash flow problems. Such firms have often had to pay interest as high as 20% to borrow money that they would then be forced by the provisions of the policies themselves to loan back out to policyholders at 4% and 5% interest. "The industry is in a serious situation," says M. Gordon Gaddy, president of Fireman's Fund American Life Insurance Co. (1980 assets: $419 million). "There is perhaps $125 billion more in policyholder accounts just waiting to be borrowed, and the squeeze could have a very negative impact on the industry as a whole."

Compounding the industry's problems is the changing taste in insurance. The traditional whole-life policies, which provide financial protection in case of unexpected death and also build up an inheritance estate that pays off when the holder dies, are giving way to less expensive, and less profitable, term insurance, which pays death benefits for only a limited period of time. Though term policies build up no cash value and are thus not investments at all, demand for them is growing steadily and they constitute 53% of the sales value of insurance, as compared with 41% in 1965.

Insurance companies striving to win back customers are now drawing up new types of policies that yield better rates of return. So-called universal life policies, which are offered by such companies as the Hartford Insurance Group, Transamerica and First Penn-Pacific Life, function something like a Christmas club savings account. When a policyholder wants to skip a payment or two and perhaps invest the money elsewhere, he can do so without causing his policy to lapse; his coverage is simply notched downward according to a predetermined formula. The person can likewise increase the value of the policy by paying more into it. At present, universal life plans pay interest up to about 11%.

Another new scheme, called variable life, is offered by only three companies: Monarch, Equitable and John Hancock. It works something like a mutual fund. Benefits are based not on a fixed sum for which the policyholder insures himself in advance, but on the investment return from a particular stock or bond mutual fund into which the policyholder instructs his insurance company to invest his monthly or quarterly premiums. Thus a life insurance policy may eventually be worth $50,000 or $250,000 depending on the success of the investments.

Some Wall Street analysts are skeptical as to whether the dressed-up product line will actually attract new life insurance customers. As long as inflation and interest rates continue to gyrate wildly, the investment decisions of individuals and families will not focus on the long-term considerations that have always been the basic reason for buying life insurance. Ultimately, the best hope for a return to stability in the turbulent life insurance industry is a return to stable prices and steady financing in the economy as a whole. *—By Christopher Byron. Reported by Robert Grieves/New York and Jeff Melvoin/Hartford*

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Pepsi trucks amid the wreckage of a building set afire by religious rioters in the city of Qum, Iran, during the antigovernment turmoil of 1978

In Search of Stable Markets

Risk analysts try to reduce the danger of investing overseas

Doing business abroad can be an invitation to agony. From the uncertain politics of such advanced countries as France and Canada, to the nationalizations and revolutions that have convulsed Iran and Nicaragua, a lack of sensitivity to local conditions can exact a high penalty from the unprepared businessman.

As worldwide economic and political conditions continue to churn, more and more corporate managers are turning to political risk analysts for advice. Large oil companies and banks have always had in-house analysts to weigh the stability of nations and regions. But a survey last year by the Conference Board, a New York business study group, found that smaller and less wealthy firms are now beginning to seek out specialists as well.

The analysis ranges from assigning junior executives to keep watch over a potential foreign hot spot, to the elaborate computerized system that American Can Co. set up in 1978 to rank investment risks in some 70 different countries. Many smaller companies hire outside consultants like Chicago's Associated Consultants International and Boston's Arthur D. Little Inc. to provide political risk assessments. Amartic Ltd. was founded two years ago by Talib El-Shibib, a former Arab League Ambassador to the United Nations, to advise companies on political conditions in the Middle East. Argen Ltd. of London is a savvy European consulting group that offers a broad range of security and risk management services to multinational companies.

Political risk analysts are often ex-foreign service officers with overseas experience in various Third World countries. But sometimes they are academics or even young graduates with degrees in political science. Their firms can be partnerships with only two or three consultants, or gigantic enterprises like New York's Business International, which has offices in 75 countries. The president of Business International is Orville L. Freeman, former Governor of Minnesota and Secretary of Agriculture in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations.

The services offered are as varied as the firms themselves. Business International provides individual consulting for specific corporate clients by offering the Critical Issues Monitoring Service. The company recently concluded that in terms of overall risk, the safest country to invest in is Singapore, followed by Japan and The Netherlands. The U.S. is ranked fourth safest and West Germany ninth.

Probe International, a small Stamford, Conn., firm headed by Benjamin Weiner, a former foreign service officer, offers its own custom-tailored reports. When one American multinational asked Weiner to determine whether it was safe to set up an assembly plant in Sri Lanka, he spent months interviewing government officials and members of the opposition party in the capital of Colombo, then advised going ahead, though he cautioned that both the regime in power and the opposition should first make it clear that they would actually welcome the project.

Frost & Sullivan Inc., of New York, produces weighty monthly surveys of 61 countries, based on field reports from local correspondents. A yearly subscription to the firm's "World Political Risk Forecasts" costs $1,900, and clients include some 200 of the nation's largest corporations, including A.T.&T., Xerox, General Motors and General Electric.

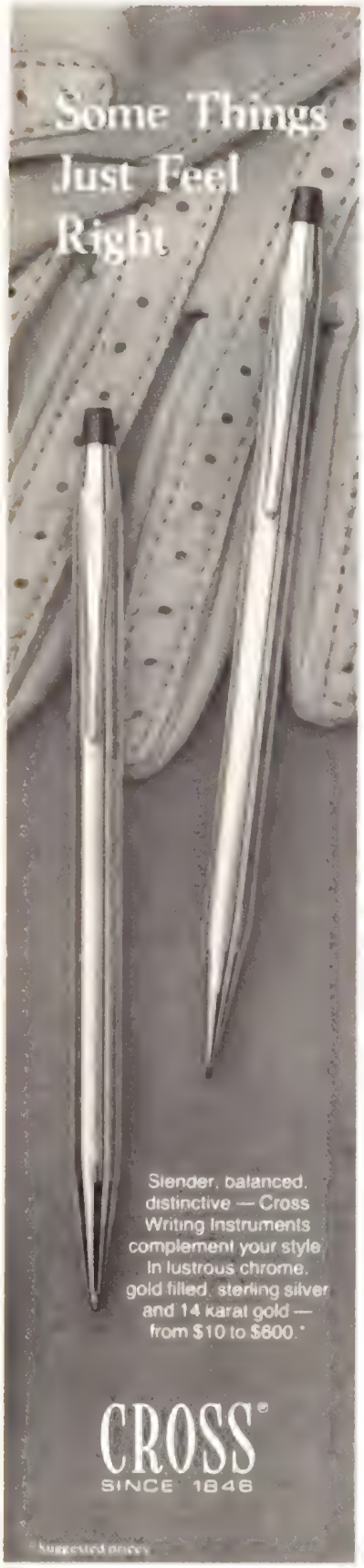
Risk Insights Inc., also of New York, offers computer-based studies that attempt to boil down the subtle interplay of politics, economics and social stress on various countries. Its reports give the mathematical probabilities for nine different categories of business risk, including war, expropriation, price controls, import restrictions and labor strife. The cost: $3,000 for each country study. Conrad Pearson, the firm's managing partner, says confidently: "Interest in risk analysis is so great these days that we are adding at least one client per week to our list."

But are the surveys worth that much? Warns Professor Richard Robinson, a senior faculty member for international management at M.I.T.: "The services that are being offered by many of the more recently organized political risk firms come dangerously close to being fraudulent because the expertise is simply not there."

Analysts who try to gauge political risk around the world on the basis of mathematical probabilities or computer formulas can wind up overlooking differing cultural conditions from one country to the next, or even ignoring the specific nature of a client's corporate business. In Mexico, foreign investors may have little difficulty setting up an electronics plant. But investing in the highly politicized pharmaceutical or food industry could prove more risky. Says John L. Silak, a political risk analyst for Shell Oil Co.: "By far the most useful analysis is one that is tailor-made to a specific company in a specific country." Adds Stephen Blank, of New York's Multinational Strategies Inc.: "There is an awful lot of snake oil being peddled in this business, and buyers have to beware of what they are getting."

Many companies are finding that the best source of international expertise can be their own board of directors. Valuable international insights are readily on tap from onetime public officials like former Secretary of Defense Harold Brown, who was last week elected to the board of CBS, or former Federal Aviation Administration Chairman Najeeb E. Halaby, a member of the boards of the Bank of America and Chrysler Corp. Their experiences around the world can help management size up the political outlook for investment in such volatile regions as the Persian Gulf and Africa. Businessmen realize that such advice is now a vital part of making deals in a politically unstable world.

—By Christopher Byron. Reported by Laura Meyers/Chicago and Frederick Ungeheuer/New York



Landless Gentry

New homes on rented property

Inflated real estate prices and mortgage rates averaging 16½% have denied hundreds of thousands of Americans the chance to buy their own homes. But some of them may now benefit from the rediscovery of a cost-cutting device that dates back to colonial days: land lease. Rather than buying a house with a modest plot of property, they are purchasing just the house and leasing the ground underneath it.

For buyers, land leasing can reduce the down payment on a house and thus make a purchase possible. In the Woodward Co.'s new Park Lane development in Carlsbad, Calif., for example, a two-bedroom house costs $127,990 when sold conventionally. But with land leasing, the house sells for just $82,990, and the down payment falls from 20% to 10%. The catch: the buyer must agree to pay a monthly ground rental of $450. The total monthly house payments would then be about $1,444 for a land lease, compared with $1,294 for a conventional sale.

Builders across the U.S. report that home buyers have eagerly taken to land leases. After the concept was inaugurated at Park Lane last October, sales rose from an average of less than two houses a month to more than five a week. Says David Carlson of Centurion Co. in Wayzata, Minn.: "We've sold about 300 land-lease homes in the past year and just finished building a 280-unit condominium on the same program."

Developers do not like land leasing since it ties up their capital longer in a housing project, but they are offering the option because the housing market is currently in such sad shape. Says Lynn Krause, a builder in Joliet, Ill.: "I'd rather have people buy on a leased-land basis than not at all." Part of the reason business is sluggish is that buyers are rebelling at the high price of a plot of land. Says Otto J. Paparazzo, a builder in Woodbury, Conn.: "Land is becoming so difficult to zone and improve that I don't think we can pass the costs on to the buyer any more."

Like roller disco and hot tubs, land leasing is most popular in California, but it was hardly invented there. In 1632, King Charles I of England leased a huge tract of land on Chesapeake Bay to Lord Baltimore. The rent: two Indian arrows annually, plus one-fifth of all the gold and silver found on the property. Lord Baltimore established Maryland Colony on the land and leased out parcels to settlers. Ground rents are still a tradition in Baltimore. More than half of the 50,000 homes in Baltimore's inner city are on leased land. The contracts run for 99 years; the average rent is $72 per year.

Developer Don Woodward in front of one of his California offerings

A cost-cutting concept as new as hot tubs and as old as arrowheads.

The landowner is not permitted to raise the rent during the term of the lease. Homeowners cannot be evicted except for failure to pay.

Land leasing has been a necessity in other areas. In Palm Springs, Calif., where about half the land is owned by the Agua Caliente Indians, many home buyers lease their land. Large industrial concerns like Du Pont, Foremost-McKesson and Shell Oil have long rented the ground beneath their buildings to conserve capital for other purposes.

Despite the obvious benefits, land leasing also has some noteworthy disadvantages. Unlike mortgage interest payments, ground rents are not tax deductible. Moreover, developers offering land leases usually include strong incentives to make the homeowner eventually buy the land. Many ground rents increase annually, and after ten to 15 years they can sometimes jump by 50% to 100% per year. Housing industry experts predict that people who buy new homes with ground-rent arrangements will probably purchase the land within two to five years. ■

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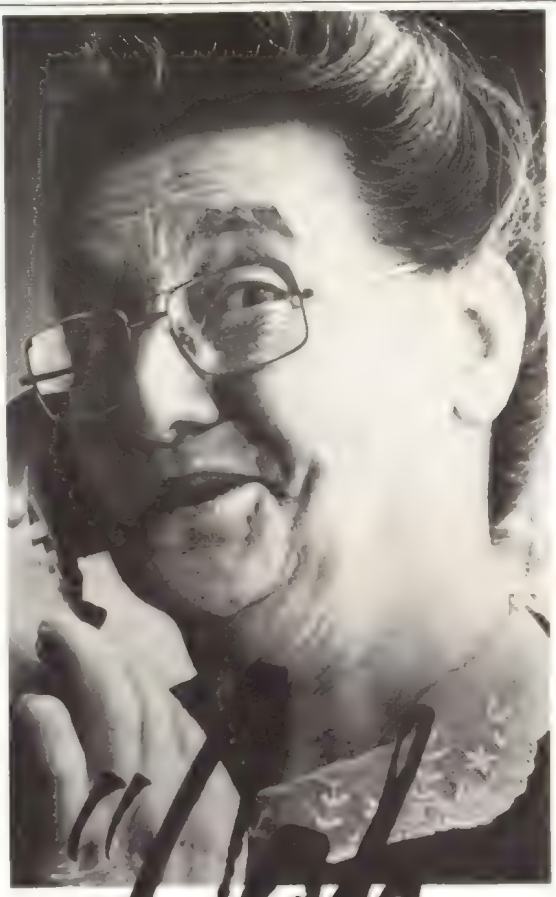

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Bell System

"Ach Du lieber!"

Chrysler Cordoba Corinthian Edition

The Chrysler Cordoba. So finely engineered it was rated superior to Oldsmobile Cutlass in overall quality of ride, styling, fits and finishes.

In an independent test, 50 mid-specialty car owners compared the 1981 Chrysler Cordoba to the 1981 Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme. They compared each car 39 different ways from the quality of their paint jobs to the quality of their seat seams. From the way they felt on the road to the way they looked standing still. Out of the 39 categories, Cordoba beat Cutlass 34 times.* Here are some reasons why.

Isolated transverse torsion-bars and a series of rubber isolator cushions give Cordoba its smooth ride.

When Cordoba and Cutlass were compared for riding qualities, the categories used for evaluation were: smoothness, steadiness, quietness, seating comfort, and overall riding comfort. Incredibly, Cordoba beat Cutlass in all five categories.

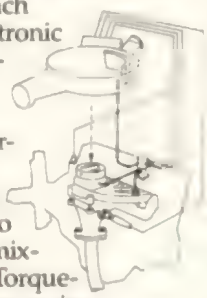
Cordoba's smoother, steadier ride comes from its isolated transverse torsion-bars. Chrome alloy torsion-bars are mounted to the front-wheel control arms and to the car structure, so they provide springing action by twisting.

A torsion-bar twists and untwists as wheels ride over bumps. This way the torsion-bar cushions road shocks before they are transmitted to the car body.

Cordoba is a quiet car because Chrysler engineering utilized computer designed, thick, rubber cushions and put them where suspension components meet the car's body to reduce road noise and harshness before they reach Cordoba's interior.

A silky smooth 5.2 liter V8 engine and amazing Torqueflite automatic transmission. Both helped rate Cordoba superior to Cutlass in pick-up and smoothness.**

Among the categories in evaluating Cordoba and Cutlass were pick-up and smoothness. Categories Cordoba won handily. Cordoba's classic 5.2 liter V8 engine makes it responsive, easy to maintain, but most importantly, an engine with an EPA rating of 17 est. mpg, 26 est. hwy.† Designed into each engine is an electronic fuel control computer that processes signals from seven different sensors and instantly adjusts your air-fuel ratio to an optimum mixture. Cordoba's Torqueflite automatic transmission means better fuel economy because at highway speeds the torque converter locks in place. With the converter locked the engine runs slower to maintain the car's speed so less fuel is used.



Chrysler's painstaking attention to detail helped rate Cordoba superior to Cutlass in quality of fits and finishes.

During the evaluation between Cordoba and Cutlass for styling, conveniences, and quality of fits and finishes, Cordoba was picked first in 25 out of 27 categories. For example, Cordoba's front, side, and rear styling was rated superior. Cordoba's doors, exterior chrome, and moldings were picked as fitting better, for being straighter, and for having no gaps. Its hood, doors, and trunk were judged to fit better because their seams were straighter and more even.

All this is the result of Chrysler's advanced planning in design and engineering. To illustrate this, Cordoba's paint job was chosen superior because its color was even throughout and the finish was smoother. To make Cordoba's finish long lasting, a seven-step dip-and-spray treatment to guard against corrosion is applied before the car receives the first of its four coats of paint.

So thorough is Chrysler's attention to quality of styling, fits, finishes and convenience, Cordoba was selected by 34 out of the 50 judges as having superior quality overall.

We'd like you to compare the Chrysler Cordoba and see why it won easily over Cutlass Supreme.

The 1981 Chrysler Cordoba, a car you will judge superior in overall quality.

Cordoba LS model prices start at $7,765.††

$7,765. That's what the sporty Cordoba costs and here's what's standard on the Cordoba LS. A 3.7 liter 6-cylinder engine; automatic transmission, power steering, front power disc brakes, tinted glass, and many other standard features that usually are available only as options.

CHRYSLER

Plymouth

The New Chrysler Corporation

*Results reported are based on responses preferring Cordoba over Cutlass 27 out of 50 to 46 out of 50 participants depending on the category. **Optional at extra cost. †Use EPA est MPG for comparison. Actual mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage probably lower. Calif. ests. lower. ††Base sticker price of Cordoba LS (not shown) excluding taxes and destination charges. Optional Corinthian Edition Package shown not available on Cordoba LS.

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"The Pope's Been Shot!"

The lesson learned from the Reagan shooting: caution

"The Pope has apparently been shot. We don't know what his condition is. It was just at the beginning of the general audience in St. Peter's Square . . . The Pope was seen to waver, to fall back into the arms of his secretary after four, or five, or six shots were fired."

Broadcast over some 1,700 ABC radio stations at 11:30:24 a.m. (E.D.T.) last Wednesday, that first word in the U.S. of the assassination attempt struck like a hammer. Once again, routines of everyday life were ruptured as millions of U.S. radio listeners, and an estimated 400 million TV viewers around the world, strained for further news from Rome. In the minutes that followed the first bulletin, CBS-TV, then ABC and NBC interrupted soap operas and game shows with special reports that echoed painfully in the memory. Journalists were dismayed by the similarity with the shooting of President Reagan just six weeks earlier. Said ABC-TV Anchorman Ted Koppel: "We have all too much experience with this kind of story."

News of the attack dominated front pages from Boston to Bangkok. JEAN PAUL II: THE WORLD APPALLED read the 1½-in. headline in Paris' daily *Le Figaro*. In Johannesburg, an afternoon *Star* editorial bemoaned the violence "that seems to pervade the whole world." The New York *Times* devoted its first seven pages to the story and upped its pressrun by 180,000, to 1.16 million. The Los Angeles *Times* hit the streets two hours earlier than usual with a rare extra edition; the Washington *Star* printed two extra editions within hours of the shooting. In Vatican City, staffers at *L'Osservatore Romano*, the church daily, worked through the night to turn out the first early-morning extra edition in its 120-year history. The headline: HOURS OF HOPE AND PRAYER FOR THE HEALTH OF THE HOLY FATHER.

In Warsaw, John Paul's countrymen first heard a mournful radio report that began, "We have sad news for you." In the hours that followed, as they gathered on street corners and prayed for the Pope's survival, Poland's state-controlled radio and television stations carried an unprecedented torrent of live news reports fed by satellite from the West.

ABC's Washington-based Anchorman Frank Reynolds was in Manhattan to attend his son's graduation from the Columbia School of Journalism. He heard the news as he arrived at the Park Lane Hotel: "A total stranger ran up to me and said, 'Don't get out of the car! Go to work! The Pope's been shot!' " CBS Anchorman Dan Rather was attending a breakfast meeting with network affiliates in Los Angeles when Senior Executive Producer Burton Benjamin tapped him on the shoulder. Rather raced to the nearby CBS bureau, where a satellite link with New York was hastily arranged so that he could anchor the day's reporting from Los Angeles. NBC's John Chancellor delivered a series of news bulletins throughout the day from his New York anchor desk.

As the three networks scrambled to report the story, caution was the byword. No one wanted to repeat the gross reporting errors that were made the day President Reagan was attacked, most egregiously the reports that Press Secretary James Brady had died. Says ABC *World News Tonight* Executive Producer Jeff Gralnick: "All of us learned a lesson with James Brady." The networks also had the problem of reporting live on a story that was unfolding in Rome while most of their foreign crews were concentrated in Northern Ireland and the Middle East. Early medical bulletins on the Pontiff swung wildly between Vatican reports that he was "serene and conscious" and hospital characterizations of his condition as "grave." Says NBC News Senior Executive Producer Les Crystal: "There was the problem of getting accurate and complete information. It's hard enough in your own country, but it was compounded by the language barrier."

One result was that ABC and CBS did not shift to continuous coverage until some two hours after the shooting; NBC kept airing soap operas, which it interrupted with news updates and longer accounts. Rather and Reynolds bracketed every report with cautionary qualifiers and apologetic explanations to viewers about the difficulties in getting the story. Said Rather: "There will be some conflicting information. We do our best to sort it out." By midafternoon, as John Paul underwent 5½ hr. of surgery, medical information grew sparse and anchormen were often hard-pressed for something useful to say. Soon even Rather was showing the strain, delivering long asides on the historical courage of the Polish people and at one uneasy point inviting viewers to join him in a moment of silent meditation. ABC's team, led by Reynolds, emerged as the coolest under pressure.

Despite the extraordinary care taken to ensure accuracy, mistakes were made, though none of the Brady magnitude. Ted Turner's scrappy Atlanta-based Cable News Network beat its broad-shouldered network competition with the first satellite video feed from Rome, but made several errors. More than once, CNN spoke of the Pope in the past tense, and later stated—along with CBS—that the operation had taken only 30 min. ABC Correspondent Bill Blakemore reported at 12:36 (E.D.T.) that the alleged assassin was an Arab. A CBS medical expert, using a textbook illustration to explain the Pope's injuries, inadvertently showed a diagram of the female anatomy. There were some lapses in taste as well, though the most flagrant came from the public. Like sitcom and sports fans in earlier news crises, hundreds of viewers jammed TV station switchboards across the country to complain that their afternoon soap operas were interrupted. *—By Janice Castro. Reported by Peter Ainslie and Robert Geline/New York, with other bureaus*

Woman reads special edition of Vatican paper in St. Peter's Square the next day

Front-page news around the world; on Warsaw radio: "We have sad news for you."

Medicine

Helping Babies in the Womb

A test for toxicity; a prenatal use for vitamins

The use of thalidomide to relieve anxiety and morning sickness in pregnant women resulted in the birth of thousands of children with cruel deformities, from flipper-like limbs to malformations of the heart. The drug, it is now known, produces a similar effect in the offspring of monkeys and rabbits. But during the premarket tests of thalidomide in the 1950s, it was mainly studied in laboratory rats because they are easy to handle and relatively cheap. No evidence of damage to offspring of rats given the drug was found.

The question of which animals to use for such safety testing has always been a vexing one, and by the time it was discovered that thalidomide causes birth defects in monkeys and rabbits, many human casualties had already occurred. Last week researchers from Johns Hopkins University announced the development of a simple test that could both signal whether certain drugs might be harmful and indicate the animal species that should be used to check them.

For the test, described by Medical Researchers David Blake and Stephen Spielberg, white blood cells from humans are mixed with liver tissue from humans or other species plus the drug under study. Then the preparation is examined to see if enzymes in the liver have metabolized the drug into a substance that kills white cells. The researchers believe that such toxic metabolites may be responsible for birth defects; some of their studies suggest that thalidomide works that way. The new test, for instance, shows that thalidomide does form a toxic metabolite, arene oxide, in the presence of liver tissue from rabbits, monkeys and humans, though not from rats.

Stephen Spielberg in his laboratory

Should one study rats, rabbits or monkeys?

Blake and Spielberg caution that this test will not alert investigators to all drugs with the potential for causing birth defects, only to those that form toxic metabolites. But they think their work could help researchers design more reliable experiments. For example, if a test shows that a particular drug forms a toxic metabolite in humans and rabbits, but not, say, in dogs, then by a process of elimination rabbits would be designated the appropriate species for future birth defect studies related to that drug.

Last week there was also encouraging news about helping babies with genetic disorders—while they are still in the womb. The success, described by doctors at the University of California in San Francisco, was in a tiny patient with a rare inherited disease called biotin dependency. Biotin, a B vitamin, is necessary for certain metabolic processes. In people with the disease, the body's use of biotin is somehow disrupted. Symptoms include hair loss, lethargy, coma and susceptibility to infection. The only treatment is daily doses of the vitamin.

When Mrs. Debra Whitmore was 16 weeks pregnant, doctors used amniocentesis to collect a sample of the amniotic fluid cushioning the fetus. (They performed the procedure because she had already borne a son who is biotin dependent.) Examining fetal cells in the fluid, they discovered that the unborn child would also have the disease. Deciding that the baby's chances would be enhanced if treatment started before birth, doctors began giving the mother large quantities of the vitamin, starting in the 24th week of pregnancy, after the organs in the fetus had developed. As they hoped, enough biotin passed through the placenta so that the baby, a girl named Nicole, was born healthy. Nicole Whitmore is now 5½ months old. Like her brother, she takes biotin daily. Her doctors say she should grow up to live a normal life. ■

Milestones

BORN. To **Princess Anne,** 30, daughter of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip, and her husband **Mark Phillips,** 32, a former army captain: a daughter, their second child, who ranks sixth in line to the British throne; in London. Weight: 8 lbs. 1 oz. No name has yet been chosen.

DIED. Bob Marley, 36, reggae superstar who became the foremost proponent of the jagged, pulsing Caribbean sound and a major factor in its popularity and influence; of cancer; in Miami. Son of an English army captain and a Jamaican native, he founded his band, the Wailers, in 1964, but did not achieve commercial success until more than a decade later. Marley, whose song *I Shot the Sheriff* was made a hit by Eric Clapton in 1974, was an outspoken advocate of Rastafarianism, a Jamaica-based political-religious cult embracing a variety of ideas and trends: reggae music, marijuana use, a return to the "promised land" in Africa and belief in the divinity of the late Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia.

DIED. Hoyt Fuller, 57, educator and literary critic who, as managing editor of *Negro Digest* and its successor *Black World* between 1961 and 1976, helped turn the magazine into a showcase for the nation's finest black writers; of a heart attack; in Atlanta.

DIED. Margaret Lindsay, 70, Iowa-born actress who posed as an Englishwoman to land a film role in *Cavalcade* (1933), and appeared in 80 other movies over the next 30 years, mostly mysteries and melodramas, including *The House of the Seven Gables* (1940); of emphysema; in Los Angeles.

DIED. Nelson Algren, 72, novelist and short-story writer who portrayed galleries of drifters, derelicts and drug addicts in *The Man with the Golden Arm* (1949) and *A Walk on the Wild Side* (1956); of a heart attack; in Sag Harbor, N.Y. A 1931 journalism graduate of the University of Illinois, he spent a few years wandering through the South and Midwest, meeting the losers and misfits who would later inhabit his fiction. A tireless traveler and avid gambler, Algren was a genial loner who spoke in the language of his working-class roots. He once warned, "Never eat at a place called Mom's. Never play cards with a man called Doc. Never go to bed with a woman whose troubles are greater than your own."

DIED. Benjamin Henry Sheares, 73, obstetrician and gynecologist who served since 1971 as President and ceremonial head of state of Singapore; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Singapore.

DIED. Prince Andrew of Russia, 84, a nephew of Tsar Nicholas II and the oldest known surviving member of the dynasty that ruled Russia for three centuries; in Teynham, England. An heir to the Russian crown, Andrew fled the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917 and finally settled in England, where he lived in a luxurious 13th century manor as the head of the exiled Romanovs.

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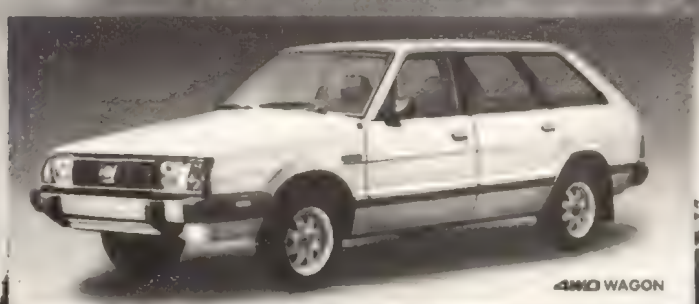

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Moses Malone battles the Celtic defense under the boards

Bird drives past Calvin Garrett in the final game

Sport

What's Green and Goes "Swish"?

After a five-year drought, Boston regains the N.B.A. crown

Over the years the Boston Celtics have established something like proprietary rights to the National Basketball Association championship. The Celtics won 13 N.B.A. titles (more than twice as many as their closest rivals, the then Minneapolis Lakers), including a record eight straight (1959-66). But the proud banners of past glories that hang in Boston Garden have had no new company for what must have seemed like centuries to the fans. The Celtics last took the title in 1976, and even more humiliating, failed to qualify for the playoffs twice since then. They had the worst record in the East in 1979.

Now at last Boston is green with home team hope again. The Celtics last week reclaimed their crown by beating the upstart but impressive Houston Rockets, four games to two. The guys in the funny sneakers won in classic Celtic style: sweeping the air of rebounds, then dashing upcourt with the game's finest fast break. In the final game, played before 16,121 screaming Houston fans, Boston withstood a dazzling fourth-quarter resurgence by the Rockets. Over a five-minute stretch, Houston scored 16 points to a mere two for Boston, whittling the Celtic lead from 15 points to three. But Forward Cedric ("Cornbread") Maxwell, the series' Most Valuable Player, and Running Mate Larry Bird pumped in 14 points between them in the remaining four minutes. Maxwell was the only one of the Celtics' big guns whom the Rockets never managed to quell. He averaged 17.7 points and 9.5 rebounds for the series, but dismissed his performance: "I just try to get in the nooks and crannies."

Presiding over the festivities, and passing out his hallmark cigars to celebrate, was Celtics President and General Manager Red Auerbach, who has also shepherded the team's revitalization. When the Celtics of the mid-'70s became clogged with ballhogs and playground freelancers, Auerbach decided to clean house. His first major acquisition was Maxwell, a former University of North Carolina–Charlotte standout. Spindly at 6 ft. 8 in., 217 lbs., Maxwell looks awkward walking across a room, but displays a spidery grace leaping for rebounds or twisting over the outstretched arms of defenders as he soars for a lay-up. Last year he was joined at forward by Larry Bird, the Indiana State star who was a first-round draft choice as a junior and signed as a senior for a reported $650,000 a year. That acquisition gave the Celtics the N.B.A.'s best pair of forwards, unselfish team players who value an assist as much as a score. Says Coach Bill Fitch: "We use an equal opportunity offense. That gives us a chance to give the ball to someone who's hot. Most of the time, we spread it over nine or ten people."

The Celtics needed all of their resources to get past the determined Rockets. Houston had a 40-42 record in the regular season, the second worst of any N.B.A. finalist in history. They whipped the defending champion Los Angeles Lakers two games to one in the first round of the playoffs, beating the Lakers on their home court in the final game. Houston Coach Del Harris had experimented with a youth movement early in the season, then decided to go with his old pros. Center Billy Paultz (6 ft. 11 in., 240 lbs.) was paired with Center Moses Malone (6 ft. 10 in., 235 lbs.) in a unique double-big-man offense. Houston also dominated rebounding at both ends of the court, and "small" Forward Robert Reid (6 ft. 8 in., 210 lbs.) blossomed. He shared honors with Malone as the Rockets' playoff star, holding Bird to merely eight points in two consecutive games, and leading Houston in scoring twice. Reid came from tiny St. Mary's University in San Antonio, so he had to learn big-time ball the hard way —against the pros. Says Coach Harris: "Paultz and Malone made Reid a tougher guy. Here's a player who had the body and the ability, but he was a fancy dancer and prancer. They made him a man."

Thus the two teams brought distinctive styles to the championship series: the Celtics swift and efficient, fast-break artists who could run Mercury off the court; the Rockets muscular and intimidating, backboard battlers who could shove Hercules out of the gym. They took turns imposing those styles on one another: Houston won the fourth game, manhandling Boston under the boards, and the Celtics replied by streaking to a 29-point fast-break blitz in the fifth game. In the end the Celtics carried the series with versatility, speed, Bird's brilliant rebounding and a tight defense that kept the Rockets under 100 points in all six championship games. Maxwell summed up: "It was like a pendulum. We thrashed them a couple of times, but they came back each time. We just played hard and things finally kept falling our way." As any Bostonian of a certain age can attest, that has always been the Celtic way. —*By B.J. Phillips. Reported by Jamie Murphy/Houston*

Blackjack table at Atlantic City's Resorts International as seen on closed-circuit TV screen

Fast Shuffle for Card Counters?

A New Jersey court says they have been getting a bad deal

The stranger draws a pair of fours and decides to split them. The dealer frowns, the crowd mutters. Splitting fours is not supposed to be a percentage move in blackjack, but maybe he knows what he is doing anyway. He is ahead for the night and attracting attention. Is he a pro, or just a tourist on a streak? With his fours now split, he draws two weak hands—15 and 16—and stands on both. The dealer hits his own two with a queen, then a jack—bust. The stranger wins again! But what's this? Suddenly the table is surrounded by stern-faced casino employees in immaculate business suits. They indicate a sign near by: "We reserve the right to exclude professional card counters from play . . ." The man protests. The casino insists. A steely hand clamps around his arm, and a thumb gestures toward the exit. "Out."

Such scenes have been enacted thousands of times wherever gambling is legal in the U.S. In Atlantic City's seven casinos, there have been about 1,500 evictions of suspected card counters in the past three years. Many of the ousted patrons have protested to the New Jersey Casino Control Commission, to no avail. One was a New Jersey state legislator. Another, Atlantic City Businesswoman Ruth Altman, objected that "I couldn't count cards if my life depended on it."

Some, however, have actually been "counters": serious or even professional players who have mastered a complex system of mathematical charts and memorization. By varied estimates, such systems give the player a competitive edge of from 1.5% to 4.38% over the house. Counters say, correctly, that they are doing nothing illegal, only making blackjack a game more of skill than of chance. Too much so, say the casinos, who maintain that counters threaten their hefty profits (Atlantic City casinos are currently winning more than $18 million a month at their blackjack tables). Now, in a case involving Kenneth Uston, the self-styled "king of the card counters," a New Jersey appeals court has made a ruling that may lead to a resolution of the question.

The flamboyant Uston *(see box)* was banned from playing blackjack at Resorts International Hotel Casino in Atlantic City in 1979. He went to the New Jersey Casino Control Commission, charging that he had been discriminated against and citing state legislation that called for "maximum public participation" in gaming. The commission held that the casino had a common-law right to exclude a player for any reason it chose. Uston appealed in the courts. In last week's decision, a three-judge panel of the appellate division of New Jersey Superior Court unanimously rejected the commission's theory, saying it applied only to outright undesirables. Under New Jersey's Casino Control Act, said the panel, only the com-

Blackjack Buckaroo

Kenneth Uston, 47, is an American success story. Phi Beta Kappa in economics at Yale, Harvard M.B.A., a former senior vice president of the Pacific Stock Exchange in San Francisco, who in 1975 quit his $50,000 job to follow an offbeat, not to say raffish, entrepreneurial dream—and made it work.

In 1968 Uston read *Beat the Dealer*, a 1962 book by Mathematician Edward Thorp, the "father" of card counting. Uston, a statistics, mathematics and computer buff, was fascinated, and while still serving as a pillar of the West Coast financial establishment, began imagining himself a buckaroo blackjack hero. For six years he worked feverishly to acquire the necessary skills, practicing rigorous memory drills and doing complex statistical calculations. In 1974 he went to Harrah's Casino in Reno to put himself to the test. He won $3,000 and never looked back.

In countless blackjack hands since then, Uston and the team of players he generally works with have piled up total winnings of more than $4.5 million. His biggest individual killing was $27,500 in 45 min., at Fremont Casino in Las Vegas in 1975. He once played eight hours a day for 23 straight days, falling behind as much as $35,000 before recouping and finally going ahead.

Uston undisguised

After basing himself for several years in Las Vegas, Uston now lives in Margate City outside Atlantic City, where he makes a living by remote-piloting his blackjack team. He is a busy and popular instructor and lecturer, who charges students $500 for a course but lectures for free. He has written three books—one of which, the autobiographical *The Big Player*, is slated to be produced as a film by Frank Capra. He is a swinging bachelor who tries to conceal his age ("I date a lot of young girls") and a celebrity in the gambling world. That, of course, is a disadvantage. To play undetected—hence unevicted—at major casinos, he resorts to a disguise kit designed for him by Hollywood Makeup Expert Mike Westmore. Says Uston: "I have been a British aristocrat and I have been a cowboy. I have false teeth, false noses and many wigs. With each disguise I use the appropriate accent. But the best ploy is to impersonate a sucker who is there to be milked."

With the supreme confidence of a true believer in his own system, Uston insists there is one role that he does not play: gambler. Says he: "I have never gambled in my life."

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mission, if anyone, has the authority to decide if counters should be excluded.

So, Uston and his fellow counters are going to rush straight to the tables and clean up, right? Don't bet on it. The commission and the hotel quickly won a stay of the action, pending appeal to the State Supreme Court; until then, counters remain *personae non gratae*.

There are several systems of counting, all tricky in execution but relatively simple in concept. In one common method the general idea is to assign a value to each card—plus one for low cards (three through seven), zero for twos, eights and nines, minus one for the rest (ten through ace). The player keeps a running count of the cards that have been played. By matching the count against memorized strategy charts that anticipate virtually every conceivable situation, he determines his odds and bets accordingly. When he figures the deck is "ripe," he may bump his bet to the limit.

To become even a novice at counting, says Uston, requires at least 50 hours of memorization. Beyond that, he says, very few players—maybe 18 in all the world—have the "steady nerves, discipline and adequate financing" to become top professionals. Other estimates put the number of true counters at up to 150, or even more. Attorney Joel Sterns, who represented Resorts International in the New Jersey case, claims that half the casino's 1979 "win" in blackjack was lost to "an influx of professional card counters."

A sure way to frustrate the system is to change the rules. One ploy is to use more frequent shuffles of the deck. But casinos dislike frequent shuffling because it slows down the game (hence their take) and irritates even noncounters. Charges Uston's attorney, Morris Goldings: "Casino owners not only want suckers but also suckers who lose at the most rapid pace possible." Nevertheless, should the New Jersey Supreme Court uphold last week's ruling, the Atlantic City casinos are expected to seek some such change in rules from the commission.

In Las Vegas, where the state allows casinos wide latitude for setting their own policies, most already use more frequent shuffling, among other variations. Some allow acknowledged counters to play but restrict them to small bets.

Other Las Vegas establishments actively discourage or even prohibit counters—notably including Uston. Twice Uston has gone to the federal courts to try to regain admission to casinos on the ground that he has a constitutional right to play in a public facility. And if he is finally vindicated in New Jersey, he vows a relentless effort to apply the precedent to bolster his case out West. All of which only seems to reaffirm Damon Runyon's dictum: "There is no such thing as a 'friendly' game of cards in which money is involved." —*By Jeff Melvoin. Reported by Raji Samghabadi/New York*

The Academy Building houses classrooms, a museum and the assembly hall

Education

Brains Plus Something More

On its 200th birthday, Exeter is still excelling

It looks like a small college. And with its 93 buildings, its $47 million endowment and its 108,000-volume library, the institution on tree-lined Front Street in rural Exeter, N.H., is better equipped and endowed than many colleges. But Phillips Exeter Academy, which celebrates its 200th birthday this year, is only a prep school —though perhaps the best in the country. Its list of illustrious alumni is imposing. Among them: Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Jay Rockefeller, Robert Benchley, Daniel Webster and Franklin Pierce. Equally imposing are the school's fees: $6,100 annually for tuition, room and board, paid by parents in 43 states and 27 foreign countries.

Founder John Phillips

The mainstay of an Exeter education is a demanding round-table discussion, with no more than 14 students, led by an expert teacher. Warns Exeter's catalogue: "Maximum participation is encouraged, pretense and careless preparation [are] readily perceived." In practice, this means that Math Instructor Richard Brown knows his students will be prepared before he begins class discussion by asking, "Have we proved the equation?" In third-year French, Exonians are required to discuss in French their assigned stories. Anyone who lapses into English meets with the teacher afterward to talk things over —in French. Most of the school's science courses follow an "open lab" system so that students can visit labs and do their own experiments.

When Exeter was first opened by Calvinist Banker John Phillips, the school took in just about anyone and aimed at "promoting piety and virtue." Now only one out of every four students who apply gets in, though the school actively recruits low-income students and gives out more than $1 million a year in scholarships. Exeter, says Admissions Director John Herney, is looking for brains plus something more. It turns down a number of applicants with high scores. "We are looking for kids who have a certain contagion to their excitement about learning." During a word association test one applicant linked *tumor* with *friends* because "they both grow on you." Herney almost shouted, "Take that kid!"

The school's fast academic track is hard on new students. Some cry themselves to sleep in their first few weeks. Says one student: "If you don't work, you're dead." Adds Senior Deborah Rhodes: "If I'm sick I go to class anyway. Because I'll be sicker if I stay away." The academic pressure tends to do away with social snobbery among its 991 students. Says Mark Driscoll, 22, now a Harvard junior: "It's the only community I've seen in which all the diverse people blend in a very healthy way. That certainly doesn't happen at Harvard."

So successful is Exeter, in fact, that Principal Stephen Kurtz constantly enjoins students and faculty to pursue "excellence without arrogance." But, Kurtz adds, "I've been teaching 29 years, and I've never seen better teaching and better learning than goes on here." ■

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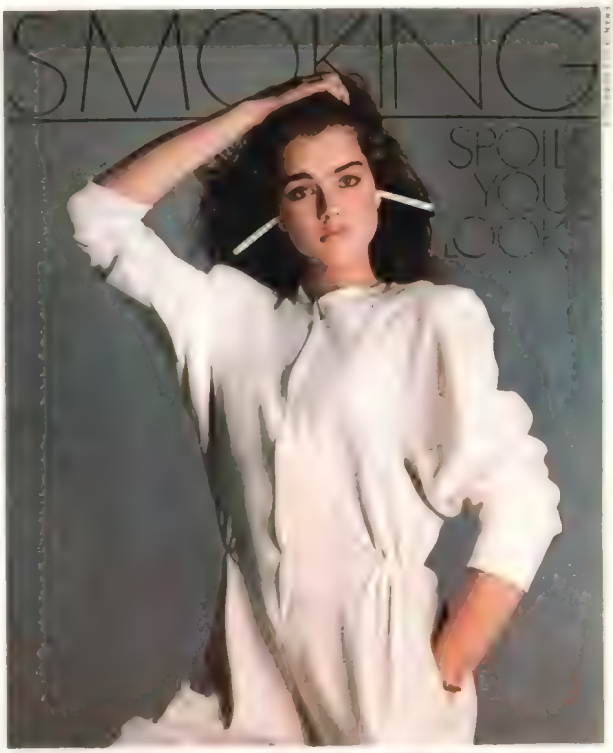
People

As photographers, **Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis** and **Margaret Bourke-White** were as alike as an Instamatic and a Hasselblad. But as subjects in two upcoming movies, both are being portrayed by camera-sly actresses who admire their subjects: **Jaclyn Smith,** 33, and **Candice Bergen,** 35. In *Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy*, a three-hour ABC-TV movie to be aired in the fall, Smith has doffed her *Charlie's Angels* halo for the bouffant hair and pillbox hats the 31st First Lady helped popularize. Voice lessons and video tapes of Jackie's White House tours helped Smith tone down her Houston drawl to a Vassaresque whisper. Scenes filmed around the capital included one dealing with Jackie's $42.50-a-week stint in the early '50s as the "Inquiring Camera Girl" for the now-defunct Washington *Times-Herald*. Though the former First Lady eventually covered the coronation of **Queen Elizabeth II,** she never quite clicked with the bulky Speed Graphic cameras then favored for news photography. Said Jackie later: "I always forgot to pull out the slide." As Margaret Bourke-White in the film *Gandhi*, Bergen *(Carnal Knowledge, Starting Over)* should have had no such difficulties. In 1965 Director **Richard Attenborough,** 57, *(Young Winston, A Bridge Too Far)* told her that if he ever managed to make a film biography of the Indian leader, he wanted her to play the part of the star photojournalist Bourke-White captured in the pages of FORTUNE the gritty, yet poetic texture of industrial America in the 1930s, and her shot of Montana's Fort Peck Dam graced the first cover of LIFE. Bergen took to the shutter when her film career faltered, and in 1972 also made the cover of LIFE with her portrait of Comedian **Charlie Chaplin** and his wife **Oona.** Still, it will take all of Bergen's technique on both sides of the camera to convey the legendary perfectionism of the fabulous original. **Gandhi,** who was photographed by Bourke-White in 1946, captured her technique with an admiring nickname: the Torturer.

■

Lectures to teen-agers on the harmful effects of cigarettes most often go in one ear and out the other. So to plug their antismoking message, the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services decided on a role model: Actress **Brooke Shields,** 15 *(Pretty Baby, Blue Lagoon* and the soon-to-be-released *Endless Love)*. But before Brooke had a chance to give her peers a puffless primer, the proposed $68,000 federal campaign was extinguished. Said HHS Chief of Staff **David Newhall III:** "I did not have sufficient confidence that the majority of smokers would be discouraged." The announcement certainly irritated the American Lung Association, which charged that the ads had gone up in smoke because the Government had bowed to pressure from the tobacco industry. The association's directors, who met with the model last week, plan to puff Brooke's message in an independent campaign. That is fine with her. Brooke does not fret at being Calvinized as a teen sex symbol, but, says she: "I don't want to be typecast as a smoker."

—By E. Graydon Carter



Shields giving teen-agers an earful on the harmful effects of smoking

Smith as Jackie Onassis in her picturesque days

Photogenic Bergen as Photogenius Bourke-White

On the Record

Hugh Carey, 62, newly wed Governor of New York and father of 13, on the possibility of his having more children: "My record speaks for itself."

Dolly Parton, 35, on why she had her romantic scenes beefed up in the film version of *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas:* "If you think that I'm going to be in a movie with Burt Reynolds and not get in a little huggin' and kissin', you're crazy."

Elizabeth Hanford Dole, 44, presidential assistant, on the White House coterie: "The President doesn't want any yes men and women around him. When he says no, we all say no."

Comedy's Post-Funny School

A new wave of "humorists" assaults accepted ideas of clowning

Andy Kaufman as a robot valet in *Heartbeeps* and as Elvis; Albert Brooks fights trash in *Modern Romance* and just hangs around

This is show business? A mime so inept he must describe his gestures to the audience. A grinning, phosphorescent-suited fellow who plays with funny balloon animals. A comic with a bag over his head who does a ventriloquist routine featuring a hand puppet that has a paper bag over *its* head. A talk-show host who is all smarm and insult jokes. A Carnegie Hall entertainer who shows cartoons, leads sing-alongs and wrestles with women volunteers from the audience. A female comic in Wayne Newton drag who unbuttons her shirt to reveal a forest of chest hair.

Hey now, is this stuff funny—or what? To a lot of people the routines are crashingly unfunny. But to others they represent a new permanent wave in the history of popular humor: an assault on the accepted notions of show-business clowning.

The new comics have jettisoned the topical satire of the '60s for a less political, more radical examination of the comic's relation to the society he entertains. The traditional comedian kept searching for the definitive belly laugh; the new humorist looks at the jokes, and the pursuit of them, with the icy disinterest of a social critic. As the subject of modern art is art, so the subject of the new comedy is comedy—the good, the bad, the unintentionally ugly. Call it the Post-Funny School of Comedy.

What began as a defiant form of anti-shtik has become a dominant mode in the funny-peculiar '80s. It is saturating the big screen with the films of Albert Brooks (the mime), Steve Martin (funny balloon animals), Murray Langston (the paper-bagged Unknown Comic), Martin Mull (the *Fernwood 2-Night* talk-show host), Andy Kaufman (heterosexual wrestling), Lily Tomlin (Wayne Newton) and the now-ready-for-prime-time cutups of NBC's *Saturday Night Live*. It took over TV years ago—in 1975, when *S.N.L.* hit the air and became a focal point for the new comedy. With success came healthy midnight ratings for NBC, and with the ratings came the inevitable imitation. ABC's *Fridays*. *S.N.L.* Alumnus Harry Shearer calls *Fridays* "the Cloneheads"; but when the show was in direct competition with the *Tonight Show*, it frequently drew more viewers than Johnny Carson and forced NBC to produce its own late-Friday comedy series, *SCTV Network/90*, featuring the cast of yet another spoof show, the syndicated *SCTV*. Somebody out there must be laughing—maybe the networks and movie studios, all the way to the post-funny bank.

So what do these comics do? Start by saying what they do not do. They do not spin whimsical stories of urban childhoods, like Bill Cosby and George Carlin. They do not deal in analysis and self-hatred, like Woody Allen and Rodney Dangerfield. They do not refract their rage in race-and-reefer jokes, like Lenny Bruce and Richard Pryor. They do not tell topical or political jokes, like Johnny Carson. Indeed, they rarely tell jokes or stories at all. They do not talk about their mothers, their wives, their egos. Their past is a mystery; their presence is perplexing. They may be the first generation of comics to forgo the funnyman's implicit plea: love me by laughing at me. The post-funny comics can do without both.

Steve Martin filters laugh-a-minute zaniness through Redford good looks: goy meets Berle. Mull intones mantras of malevolent banality. Tomlin incarnates sorority queens and shopping-bag ladies with the intensity of Piaf and the emotional range of either Hepburn. Brooks works the baroque side of the street. Kaufman's characters populate a doll's house of the bizarre. They are as different from one another as bright young people can be. But they share a basic belief—that the business of America is show business—and a fascination with the detritus of the entertainment industry. Steve Allen, who has studied comedy almost as long as he has produced it, describes the new comics' strategy this way: "They imitate jerks."

The subject of their deadpan ridicule is the netherworld of Reno lounge acts and Rotary Club M.C.s, talk-show ciphers and the I-hate-you-but-deep-down-inside-I'm-a-wonderful-guy Janus face of Don Rickles. To the post-funny comics, all the world's a cramped stage in a seedy Newark bar, and all the men and women—onstage or off—merely sweaty-palmed buffoons following the dog act. With devastating acuity, the post-funny comics evoke these laugh-cadging mendicants of the entertainment industry. And because the post-funnies are superb deadpan actors, their exaggeration has the gritty kick

of a Fred Wiseman documentary. One does not titter so much as cringe.

Beneath the deft mimicry is the cultural critic's remove from his subject and his audience. This is not new. All humor is a detached analysis, an autopsy of the society's dreams and demons. As the sit-down iconoclast Friedrich Nietzsche put it, "A joke is an epitaph on an emotion." The post-funny comics go a step further by taking the ironist's step back. By making fun of the obsequiousness and desperation found in the lower circles of show-business purgatory, they are chiseling epitaphs on epitaphs. They haunt cemeteries of frayed hopes and failed jokes; they rob graves of moldering bits of business; they read the requiem for popular entertainment. They are the children of television, the nephews and nieces of Vegas, the grandchildren of baggy-pants burlesquers—and they have turned on their elders with the fury of a patricidal Greek.

But who is the object of this vengeance: mainstream entertainers, or the comic's audience? With Andy Kaufman it can be hard to tell. Six years ago, he showed up on the first *Saturday Night Live*, smiled innocently at the audience and, phonograph to one side, mimed a single line from the chorus of a Mighty Mouse song. Is it funny? Is it art?

Kaufman, 30, complicates matters by insisting that certain of his routines are dead serious. Says Allen, who admires Kaufman: "You can never tell if he is putting you on or not. It's like talking to a religious fanatic. Everything he does is strangely real to him." As a child on Long Island, N.Y., Kaufman put on shows for the neighborhood children. Much of the material he performs today is the stuff of his youth; only the audience has changed.

Kaufman is now playing a robot in *Heartbeeps*, to be released in the fall. It is an appropriate character for Kaufman: his humor, his presence, his act seem not only post-funny but posthuman. And sometimes it can hurt. Three months ago, as the guest host of *Fridays*, Kaufman engaged in a seemingly spontaneous shoving match with the show's cast and crew; a week later he was back—unshaven, disheveled, distraught—to confess that his behavior had put his career in jeopardy with "the show-business community," then sobbed and fell silent. Was he serious? Is he mad? Perhaps he was once again playing the Duchampian *agent provocateur* of modern comedy: the Dada of ha-ha.

"It doesn't hurt to make people laugh," says Albert Brooks of Kaufman. "There should be laughter. Otherwise it's some other art form." If Kaufman functions as a one-man Weather Underground, Brooks is a more accessible, ultimately more subversive radical professor of post-funny comedy. Says Brooks, who was born Albert Einstein, son of the dialect comedian Parkyakarkus: "Life is so bizarre anyway, the slightest twist can make it really funny." Brooks' twist is so slight, so deft, that many may not get the joke. In 1975 he and Harry Shearer wrote and produced *A Star Is Bought*, a record album ostensibly designed to "sell" Albert Brooks to various radio audiences. There was a patriotic monologue for country stations, a novelty record for the Top-40 market, a vocal version of *Boléro*, a Jack Benny–type radio show for the nostalgia network. Each track was, of course, meticulously uncommercial. The Brooks character was eager to sell out, but so inept that nobody wanted to buy.

Lily Tomlin as the Bag Lady on her TV special

Martin Mull soaks; Steve Martin shrugs

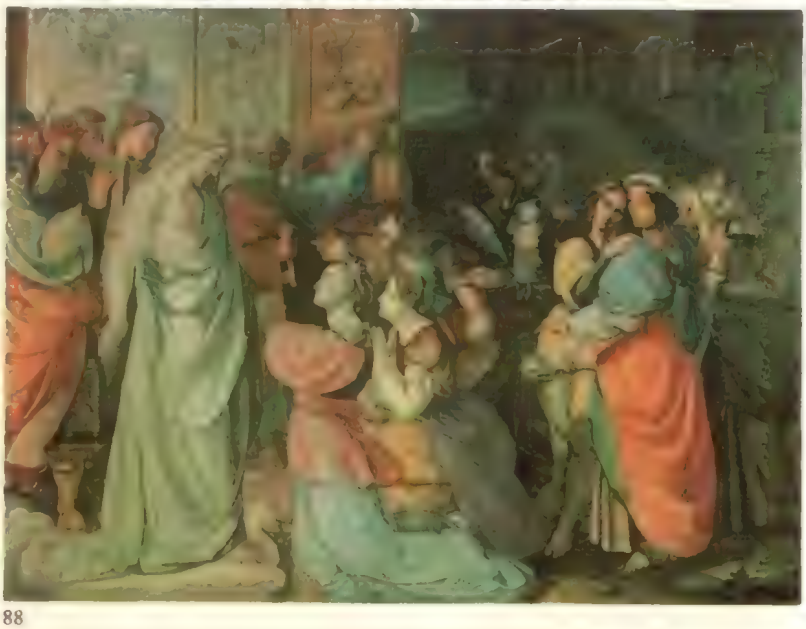
For the past few years Brooks has been making films: first a series of shorts for *Saturday Night Live*, then the theatrical features *Real Life* (1979) and *Modern Romance*, now in release. In his films he is not the *Tonight Show* Albert Brooks, putting bozo entertainers through a Cuisinart of irony; he is Albert Brooks dicing and slicing the comedy commodity named "Albert Brooks"—an earnest obsessive just this side of obnoxious. By comparison Woody Allen plays it safe: despite the misogyny and paranoid fatalism, his comic persona is essentially lovable. Brooks plays hardball, with himself as the wall. On *S.N.L.* he played a comedian preparing to perform heart surgery on a patient who has answered his want ad. In *Real Life* he is a comedian who makes a documentary film about an American family and destroys them in the process. In *Modern Romance* he is a Los Angelized Woody Allen, following his beloved from pique to pique.

"Albert Brooks" is no mensh, but neither is he an obvious ogre. Nothing is obvious in Brooks' work. It is only halfway through *Modern Romance* about the time he is riffling through his girlfriend's phone bills to determine if she is conducting a transcontinental affair on the side—that you are likely to wonder, "Does this guy realize how unlikable he is?" It is at this moment that Brooks' strategy has succeeded. He has made you more profoundly ill at ease than Don Rickles ever could. Insult comics merely try to focus hostility; Brooks is after something more insidious: the moral squirm.

"I don't experience basic human emotions," says Brooks on *A Star Is Bought*. "It's just not my thing." Maybe he is not kidding. A generous, spontaneously funny man offstage, Brooks may find emotion, feeling, the search for universal focal points of laughter to be pandering as part of his act. It is more challenging to bring his *Saturday Night Live* film to life and perform unlicensed surgery on the American body politic. At last report there were indications that the patient would survive. But these surgeons could prove so successful that what is left of our national sense of humor—the spontaneous bark of pleasure that results from the infusion of a recognizably human thought or feeling into the listener's nervous system—may die on the operating table. And the last words the patient hears shall be: "Hey, pal, you're beautiful. I love you to death."

—By Richard Corliss

Above, Runge's *Morning;* below, *The Wise and the Foolish Virgins* by Cornelius



Art

A View of The Infinite

At New York's Metropolitan, a major show of German art

The exhibition "German Masters of the Nineteenth Century," now on view at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, is about 35 years late in coming to Manhattan; but in this case, better late than never. No such comprehensive view of German art has ever been set before an American public; from the romantic visions and esoteric metaphors of painters like Philipp Otto Runge and Caspar David Friedrich in the first decades of the 19th century, to the robust dash and splash of Lovis Corinth at its end, there are 150 works by 30 artists, and they help fill a gaping hole in our sense of the actual patterns of European culture. The fact, to put it simply, is that German art got left out of American taste on 19th century matters—a taste formed and dominated by Paris, from impressionism onward. Ten years ago, there was not one art course in America that would have suggested that Friedrich was a painter of comparable importance to Géricault or even Delacroix, or that the work of Wilhelm Leibl or Hans Thoma might be anything better than an able but provincial reaction to that of Gustave Courbet. It was not always so; last century, Munich influenced American artists even more than Paris. There are plenty of parallels, if not exact concordances, between the infinite longings expressed in German romantic art and the sense of pantheistic immanence, God-over-the-Hudson, that ran through American nature painting in the mid–19th century. But since World War II, for obvious reasons, the links were broken and discarded—especially by those blind savants who fell in with the idea that Nazism could, by some train of coarse free association, be traced back to German transcendentalism. So this show, in all its variety and unfamiliarity, cannot help instructing its audience. Its range is wide (and brilliantly discussed in the catalogue by Art Historians Gert Schiff and Stephan Waetzoldt).

"One might come closest to a definition of their aspirations," writes Schiff in his catalogue essay on early 19th century artists like Friedrich, Runge and Carl Gustav Carus, "by stating that 'longing' *(Sehnen)* was the first and almost the last word of German romanticism." These painters were men of exceptional seriousness, their sense of mission verged on the priestly, and they saw art as a powerful means of philosophic speech. As Schiff rightly remarks, one dictum of the writer Friedrich Schlegel appears to summarize their hopes:

"Only he can be an artist who has a religion of his own, an original view of the infinite."

Where did the infinite show itself? In nature, and all individual mythologies must be deduced from a philosophy of nature, through contemplation of the universe. One saw God in what he had made, a diffuse and vast presence behind the screen of natural facts. Thus one of the master images of romantic contemplation was Friedrich's *Moonrise on the Sea*, 1822, three figures on a rock, silhouetted in a loneliness as absolute (though not as flamboyant) as Manfred's, Childe Harold's or Young Werther's, gazing in immobility at the slow unfolding of light on the darkened, violet-tinged flatness of sea and sky. Like most of Friedrich's paintings, it is soaked in allegory—the moon representing Christ, the ships serving as emblems of the voyage of life, and so on—but the recent revival of Friedrich's reputation has more to do with his ancestral relationship to more modern artists: to Edvard Munch, in particular, and Mark Rothko, whose rectangular "landscape" forms and transcendentalist pessimism now seem to preserve, with striking intensity, the romantic desire for that "original view of the infinite."

The exhibition offers that desire in all its facets. It shows itself to spectacular effect in the obsessed, lyrical mysticism of Runge, a painter who was perhaps the closest equivalent to William Blake that Germany ever produced. In Runge the world is imagined in extreme detail, near and far, as a sort of metaphysical machine, a generator of intricate meanings about the life of the universe: birth, death, renewal, metamorphosis. His ambition (never fulfilled) was to do a cycle of religious murals, *Four Times of Day;* they would be installed in a special chapel and would form, Runge hoped, the nucleus of a new religious cult. The surviving studies for them, like *Morning*, 1803, are remarkably hard to decipher as doctrine. Yet that blue world of twining blossoms—Runge's amaryllises and lilies are the ancestors of art nouveau—of genii and weird, pale cherubs is so exquisitely designed and rendered with such pantheistic conviction that it attains the force of religious art. The spiritualist urge lasted far into the 19th century. Its last major bearer was Arnold Böcklin—a Swiss, but included in this show by adoption, as it were. Böcklin's painting of the *Island of the Dead*, 1880, had every reason to survive: theatrical it may be, but that spectacle of a white-wrapped priest, borne silently on the coffin-bearing barge toward the screen of cypresses in the unnatural raking light, remains one of the canonical images of death poetry in all art.

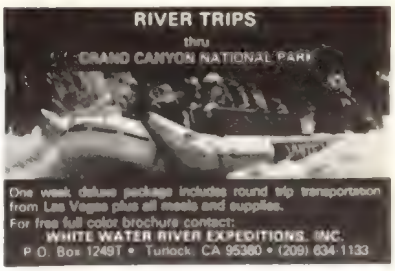
The image and myth of Italy presides over this show, as it must over any account of 19th century German culture. The reasons are many, but they grow from one stem: Italy offered German artists both sensuous fulfillment and an integral, traditional discipline—as it had, centuries earlier, to their national hero Albrecht Dürer. The luxury lay in nature, the stringency in culture. Goethe's "land where lemons flower" provided its Northern enthusiasts with an inexhaustible supply of prototypes and themes, marmoreal fragments of the Roman past and painted lessons from the Renaissance.

No French or English admirers of the antique would surpass in intensity Johann Winckelmann's rapturous descants on the *Apollo Belvedere*, and it would be hard to find any other 19th century painting that showed more adoration for cinquecento Rome than Peter von Cornelius' *The Wise and the Foolish Virgins*. With its fresco-pale, linear style, its hard outlines à la Signorelli and its copious quotations from Raphael, it is the kind of picture that could be produced only by a man infatuated with his sources.

Such paintings remind us that there is no simple definition of romanticism, especially in Germany. The luminous, tightly rendered religious icons done by German artists in Rome after 1810—Cornelius, Johann Overbeck, Franz Pforr and Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld—are just as much a product of the romantic impulse toward fundamentalist spirituality as Friedrich's, but they approach it in a different way, through a specifically doctrinal channel. Faith, not philosophy: these Nazarenes, as the Italians nicknamed the long-haired German idealists in the Roman artists' colony, believed it was their mission to bring back the direct and ardent Roman Catholic faith of old Germany. They would be medieval guildsmen, reborn—a fantasy that runs through German art history, and incidentally gave the Bauhaus a good deal of its impetus. Reacting against a "modern" Germany they saw as spiritually depleted, they tried to return art to the "primitive" vitality of the Renaissance, to the purity of vision which they attributed to all presecular, biblically addressed painting. In fact, their best work—which once looked merely quaint to Francocentric taste—now seems to have acquired a peculiar dignity with the years. In its queer, pedantic way, it is very much more than pious pastiche of Botticelli or Raphael. It has the integrity of absolute conviction, although the grand hopes and moral assumptions behind it —like so much of the spiritual fabric that formed romanticism itself—now seem lost, a matter of cultural archaeology, as remote as the moon over Friedrich's flat sea.

—By Robert Hughes

Caspar David Friedrich



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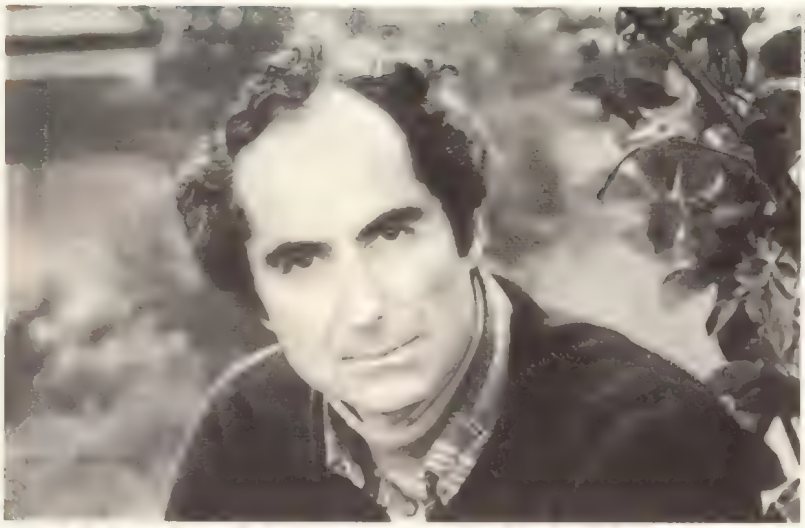

Philip Roth: life has its own flippant ideas about how to handle serious fellows like Zuckerman

A Million-Dollar Misunderstanding

ZUCKERMAN UNBOUND *by Philip Roth*
Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 225 pages; $10.95

Philip Roth once described himself as part Henny Youngman and part Henry James. His severest critics, however, treated him as if he were part Lenny Bruce, part Meyer Lansky. The studious, law-abiding author of *Portnoy's Complaint* was regarded by some to have distorted his heritage for a few laughs and committed a profitable act of cultural gangsterism. Judging from his published responses, Roth was surprised that he had caused such a fuss. One does not, after all, have to be Alfred North Whitehead to understand that the characters in *Portnoy* are amusing words on paper. On the other hand, one did not have to be the smartest man in Elyria, Ohio, to recognize neighbors' traits in Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*.

The fact remains that writers, like industrialists, exploit resources. And writers usually get more personal. Roth's heightened realism works because it is faithful to specific locales, customs, attitudes and speech patterns. His urban Jews would be out of place in Addis Ababa. Ironically, fame made Roth himself vulnerable to distortion and caricature by the heightened realists who turn successes into celebrities. To be regarded as the thinking man's Woody Allen is the sort of acclaim he can live without.

But what a clever idea for a novel. In *Zuckerman Unbound*, a sequel to *The Ghost Writer*, Newark-born Nathan Zuckerman has made a million dollars with *Carnovsky*, an ethnic and sexual extravaganza that resembles *Portnoy's Complaint*. Zuckerman's problem is not sex but a reluctance to indulge in the conventional rewards of his money and fame. Says André Schevitz, his agent: "First you lock yourself away in order to stir up your imagination, now you lock yourself away because you've stirred up theirs."

It is a no-win situation. Whenever Nathan goes out, he is reminded that "life has its own flippant ideas about how to handle serious fellows like Zuckerman." The statement is a blueprint for the novel, a string of introspections and encounters designed to mock Nathan's austerity and high artistic purpose.

In *The Ghost Writer*, the promising young Zuckerman fancied that a Harvard researcher was Anne Frank. He even imagined marrying this martyr who had somehow survived the death camps. Fifteen years later, the author of *Higher Education, Mixed Emotions, Reversed Intentions* and the controversial *Carnovsky* has broken up with his wife. Laura was not an imagined Jewish saint but a selfless political activist. It was a hopeless match that Zuckerman might have novelized under the title "Mixed Intentions." "Hers is the cause of righteousness," he moans. "Yours the art of depiction."

Nevertheless, everyone wants famous Nathan to do the right thing. A stranger on a bus is disappointed to see him on public transportation and suggests buying a helicopter to "fly straight over the dog-poop." He is urged to invest his money elsewhere than in his shoe, dress more expensively and circulate with other celebrities. The result is Zuckerman in night-town with a glamorous Irish actress named Caesara O'Shea who reads Kierkegaard and disappears in the morning to continue her top-secret affair with Fidel Castro.

A less fortunate prisoner of the personality racket is Alvin Pepler, a Newarker known as the "Jewish Marine" when he starred briefly on a TV quiz show during the '50s. Pepler's problem: he was dumped from the show when he wouldn't take a dive. He now wants Zuckerman to help publish his book about the scandal. In addition to this pathetic pest, there is a blackmailer who grows indignant when Nathan refuses to pay $50,000 to prevent the kidnaping of his mother: "Don't get high and mighty with me," says the caller. "Because if it was my mother, let me tell you, there wouldn't be that much to debate about. I'd act, and fast. But then I would never have gotten her into this to begin with. I wouldn't have the talent for it."

Roth's stab at seriousness is less brilliant. As he dies, Zuckerman's father looks at his son and whispers, "Bastard." Is this the final misunderstanding, the last, most painful blurring of illusion and illusionist? The question is mooted by Zuckerman's response. He is relieved. With his father dead and his old Newark neighborhood unrecognizable, the author of *Carnovsky* is literally unbound.

Like the end of *Portnoy's Complaint*, the conclusion of *Zuckerman Unbound* suggests a new beginning. Nathan even shows his impatience when he says, "Being a poor misunderstood millionaire is not really a topic that intelligent people can discuss for very long." As a sturdy vehicle for Roth's comic genius, Zuckerman may show up again: Will he travel to Prague and discover Franz Kafka as an aged steam-bath attendant? Will he beget children who grow up to be literary critics? Will he win a Pulitzer Prize for fiction and have to return it when everything in the book is discovered to be true?

—By R.Z. Sheppard

Excerpt

"Everybody doesn't know how proper, responsible, and drearily virtuous you really are, and what a great achievement it is for mankind that such a model of Mature Adult Behavior could have given the reading public a Gilbert Carnovsky. You set out to sabotage your own moralizing nature, you set out to humiliate all your dignified, high-minded gravity, and now that you've done it . . . you're humiliated, you idiot, because nobody aside from you seems to see it as a profoundly moral and high-minded act! 'They' misunderstand you."

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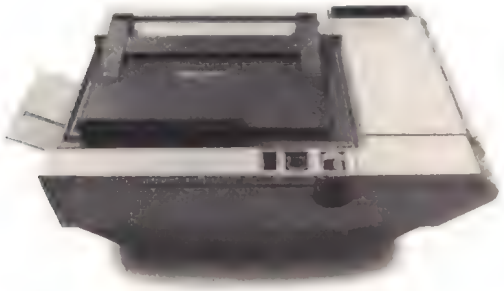

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Italo Calvino

Mirror Writing

IF ON A WINTER'S NIGHT A TRAVELER *by Italo Calvino*
Translated by William Weaver
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
260 pages; $12.95

Italo Calvino, quite possibly the best Italian novelist alive, is one of those storytellers who hold the mirror up to nature and then write about the mirror. The scholarly collector of *Italian Folktales*, Calvino can leave an impression that he would give anything to escape his self-conscious world of double takes and write a simple, earthy "Once upon a time . . ." When an interviewer inquired about the intention of *If on a winter's night a traveler*, Calvino answered: "I would like people to feel that beyond the written word is the multiplicity and unforeseeable aspect of life." But seldom has the case against literature been argued more literarily, with such dazzling artifice and writer's pure device.

Calvino's latest novel is, in fact, an act of the imagination about ten acts of the imagination—gathering the fragments of ten separate novels into one. Says the author: "By having so many literary models, I was trying to say that the world is so rich and inexhaustible that writings can never keep up with it." Perhaps not, but Calvino makes a manly effort. It all begins with that traveler on that winter's night in a railroad station. Outside, much fog. Inside, much steam from the espresso machine. Suddenly the reader stumbles into the kitchen realism of a Polish novel featuring an onion being fried by a young woman called Brigd. Franz Kafka would be right at home.

Just as rudely, a Japanese novel interrupts. An innocent student literally trips into the lustful arms of the mother of his beloved. Crouched behind separate panels, the daughter and her father watch silently as the passion progresses—while ever so symbolically the ginkgo leaves fall in the garden. By avoiding eye contact with everybody, including the mother, the sensitive young man saves face all around.

Or so one assumes. For by then the reader is being shuttled back and forth into a sort of James Bond thriller by an Irishman named Silas Flannery. What is the explanation for this terminal case of non sequitur? Bungling in the bindery? Or should blame—and credit—be assigned to the Organization for the Electronic Production of Homogenized Literary Works, operating out of New York to reduce all fiction to One Novel? Or is the erratic anthology the fault of an odd chap named Ermes Marana, who dashes about the world scribbling novels in native languages and native styles, then dashes home to translate them?

To play detective in his mystery of the mixed-up book, Calvino enlists a couple of readers: an unnamed male addressed only as "you" and a charming novel addict named Ludmilla, also known as the Other Reader. In the course of tracking down clues, the readers interview a senescent professor, an editor of a publishing house who talks like a rejection slip and a confirmed nonreader who glues books shut and applies a coat of varnish, thereupon producing pop sculptures.

By this time anything seems possible except that Calvino, 57, now an editor of the Turin house Giulio Einaudi Editore, was once a Marxist, a veteran of the World War II Resistance, who believed, in his youth, that literature should be dedicated to "political engagement," to "social battle."

Has there ever been a more bookish book than *If on a winter's night a traveler*? Ludmilla saves herself from rape by thrusting Webster's International between herself and her harasser. And when Ludmilla and "you" wind up making love, seduction turns bookish too: "Ludmilla, now you are being read . . ."

Whether improvising at science fiction *(Cosmicomics)* or medieval legends *(The Castle of Crossed Destinies)*, Calvino has always had a way of getting serious about his own jokes. *If on a winter's night a traveler* is no exception. He may begin by grimacing wittily over books that make themselves more important than life, but he ends up proving in spite of himself that books are life. His antic critique turns into a love letter on the wry but irresistible pleasure of reading.

Does life have the final say, as promised, or does Calvino have the last word—like any other author? "You," the reader, will have to decide for yourself as your new bride Ludmilla closes her book, puts her head on the pillow and asks: "Aren't you tired of reading?"

And "you," in the final words of the book, say: "Just a moment, I've almost finished *If on a winter's night a traveler* by Italo Calvino." —*By Melvin Maddocks*

Josephine Baker

Notable

NAKED AT THE FEAST
by Lynn Haney
Dodd, Mead; 338 pages; $17.95

At eight, the St. Louis waif was farmed out as a servant. At 13, after hanging around a local theater, she signed on to the vaudeville circuit and made two discoveries: she could hold a note, and she could hold an audience.

Josephine Baker parlayed that talent into a strange career. As Biographer Lynn Haney recounts, Baker badgered her way onto Broadway when she was 16, but it was in Paris three years later that she found true recognition. As in a '30s melodrama, Baker's professional life roared on while the person behind the spangles was racked with insecurity. The crucial difference between Baker and her Hollywood contemporaries was that the star was black, and consequently was barred from many roles in her native land.

So Josephine became La Bakaire and stayed on in Europe, a chanteuse who was, according to another expatriate named Ernest Hemingway, "the most sensational woman anybody ever saw. Or ever will." In middle age, she turned from entertainment to graver concerns, working for the French Resistance and, later, speaking out against discrimination in the U.S. The tourist center on her Dordogne estate ran up debts of $400,000. Still, she supported her twelve adopted children, a "rainbow tribe" of races, religions, nationalities. "If children can live together in harmony," Baker announced, "grownups can too."

The philosophy was ingenuous, but the spirit indomitable. After influencing two generations of singers, she was still performing in the U.S., in Europe, in Israel. In 1975, celebrating her 50 years in show business, Josephine, 68, danced on a nightclub table until 3 a.m. Two days later she was dead. The official medical

cause was cerebral hemorrhage. But a producer was probably more accurate when he said, "In my opinion, she died of joy." It is a measure of Baker's spirit that so much joy still reverberates in this belated tribute.

SINGLED OUT
by Richard Schickel
Viking; 115 pages; $8.95

Afflicted with long silences, they talk too volubly about their wounds. Long out of practice, they are uneasy on a date and uncomfortable when left alone. They are, in the words of TIME Contributor Richard Schickel, those middle-aged men who have suddenly been *Singled Out*.

In this refreshing manual, Schickel manages to avoid every classic bromide. The divorcee is not seen as muggee or neglected saint, older women are consistently praised, and the references to sex are free of cant and prurience: "There are still people in this world who like to think things over, and they often turn out to be very good people indeed . . . If she doesn't want to, she doesn't want to. So be a good sport about it, for God's sake."

Schickel displays a fine mix of poignance and candor. He sifts through the fallout of his own 15-year marriage. Conclusions: children's affection "is the love that endures forever, if you give it half a chance. You can count on it as you can count on little else in this life."

As for bedside manners, he disdains the personae of the macho and the wimp. Burt Reynolds is out—even to Burt Reynolds. Waiting around for the beloved to make up her mind is equally unwise. The role model here is Michael Caine, "a nice guy who isn't afraid to admit to the odd doubt, the sudden fear." A film critic, Schickel prefers to collect aphorisms from actors rather than philosophers. Dudley Moore is heard in praise of "the meaningful one-night stand." Woody Allen analyzes those who labor on their liaisons: "I always think they're wrong. The things that are really pleasurable in life, whether it's playing softball or working on your stamp collection, really require no effort."

Richard Schickel

If these observations lack the polish of La Rochefoucauld or Stendhal, they serve the author's high purpose. *Singled Out* is not, after all, a pillow book. It is a guide for the perplexed, who are warned away from useless rage and grief, and humanely advised to "behave with a certain kindness, civility and tact, to ease one another's passage through this changeable and occasionally brutal world." Such counsel may not be quoted in the *Playboy* Philosophy, but it ought to be singled out for inclusion with every marriage license—and separation paper. ■

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Burnett and Alda in *Four Seasons:* good skates on civility's thin ice

Muddling Along in Middle Age

THE FOUR SEASONS *Directed and Written by Alan Alda*

In the spring, a middle-aged man's fancy ponderously turns to thoughts of airline hostesses. This despite the fact that Nick Callan (Len Cariou) is engaged in a less taxing rite of renewal—joining with his wife (Sandy Dennis) and their best friends the Zimmers (Jack Weston and Rita Moreno) and the Burroughses (Alan Alda and Carol Burnett) to open the latter's vacation house for the season.

By summer, when the group has chartered a boat in the Caribbean, Nick's wife, a neurotic photographer, has been replaced by Ginny the stewardess (Bess Armstrong), who is pretty and sensible but who rocks their boat with her enthusiastic lovemaking. Not only does it keep the other couples awake all night, it makes them wonder where the magic of their marriages has gone.

In autumn, the friends spare a thought for their children, particularly Lisa Callan (Beatrice Alda), the college-student daughter of the newly broken marriage. Depression has rendered her almost completely inarticulate, well beyond the reach of parental jolly-ups. Meantime, Kate Burroughs has reached the crockery-throwing stage. The unfailing reasonableness of her husband, she decides, is a mask for emotional impoverishment.

By winter, the stewardess is pregnant, and she feels excluded from real intimacy with the other couples. Danny Zimmer, older than the rest, is convinced that he is skating on the thin ice of mortality. When he falls through a frozen pond, in an unnecessary effort to rescue Ginny, the irony of one life's beginning as another starts to close down is contemplated.

The Four Seasons is Alan Alda's promising, if imperfect directorial debut. The promise and the very real pleasures of the film derive from its eagerness to explore the mid-life passage with good-humored civility. Alda is particularly good at examining the male sensibility. Cariou's philanderer is troubled by the directions in which his sexuality has driven him, puzzled by the ways in which marriage has ill used his wife as well as himself. Weston's worrier is rich and touching as it becomes clear that his comic fussings over his diet and his money are a way of raging against the dying of the light. Alda is perhaps hardest on the man he plays, showing that the very characteristic that has made him one of the country's most popular actors—sweet common sense—can sometimes prevent one from feeling anything very profoundly.

Alda is less secure in dealing with the women. Moreno has no role. The Sandy Dennis character is excessively loony even for a person caught up in the crisis of separation. Except for the confrontation scene with Alda, Carol Burnett is a bystander, but without being intrusive, she creates an appealing character through her intelligent responses to the action swirling about her. But it is Armstrong, playing the young intruder, who gets to comment on the habits and assumptions of these old friends and so has the best female role.

It may be that as a writer-director, Alda is too eager to please. He goes for big laughs where a small smile would perhaps be truer to the rueful mood he tries to establish. One feels he is sometimes easing away from the tougher implications of his tale. There is also an empty prettiness to his shooting, especially in the transitions from season to season. Still, American movies are rarely as alert as *The Four Seasons* is to the tensions implicit in friendship, to the social conventions by which people try to control the anxieties of ordinary life, and one cannot help responding warmly to the good work of an obviously decent man. —*By Richard Schickel*

Rushes

THIS IS ELVIS

When Elvis died at 42 in 1977, he made Frank Sinatra's signature tune his own Top Ten epitaph. "The record shows I did it my way . . ." Wrong. As this ghoulishly riveting compilation of public performances (on TV, in movies and concerts) and home movies shows, Presley did it every which way but his. He began as an original—a white man who sang like an angry black and moved like a bad woman—and ended as a bloated amalgam of Liberace and Judy Garland. It was the standard show-biz tragedy, which Andrew Solt and Malcolm Leo document in delicious detail. Today Elvis remains a thriving industry, like Disney; this film is both a comment on that industry and (through the authorization of Presley's mentor, Colonel Tom Parker) a part of it. The remark of the Hollywood cynic, upon hearing of Elvis' death—"Good career move"—was prophecy after all.

HARDLY WORKING

Richard Nixon may one day run for the U.S. Senate. Rosie Ruiz may run in another Boston Marathon. But it is a mystery why Jerry Lewis would choose to run around, fall down, go cross-eyed or winsome in one more movie comedy. Comedy is a taxonomic term here, not evaluative. The only people laughing at Lewis' first film released since 1970 are in the movie—supporting players earning their keep by pampering the star-director-screenwriter. Jer, 55, is still the goony kid from the '50s, talking while eating a doughnut, parading in drag, leading a children's crusade through a Florida shopping mall. *Hardly Working* has grossed $10 million at the box office, in part because parents are taking tots to see "the original Jerk." They find themselves attending not a revival but a requiem.

JUST A GIGOLO

If the Nazis hadn't existed, moviemakers of the '70s might have invented them. The whips and whimpers, the glistening boots, the macho marching songs, the sado-chic—my dear, the divine decadence. It's all so terribly cinematic. *Cabaret* and *The Night Porter* set the stage; *Just a Gigolo* lights it in elegant chiaroscuro and populates it with every species of eccentric known to Weimar Berlin. Marlene Dietrich (her first film since 1964) intones the title song. David Bowie makes love to Kim Novak in a cemetery. David Hemmings (who also directed) plays a Nazi who turns Bowie's corpse into Horst Wessel. The stars keep straight faces and hold the viewer's eye through every narrative absurdity, and the film is handsomer, weirder, certainly funnier than *Hardly Working*. It would be stylish high-camp fun—if only the Nazis hadn't existed. ■

Stormy Weather on Broadway

LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC

If she had had her way, says Lena Horne, she probably would have been a schoolteacher, telling children about the three Rs. Lucky children! Fortunate parents! Celestial meetings of the P.T.A.! But with all due respect to the nation's teachers, one must add that it is truly the impossible dream. On opening night last week it was hard to imagine the lady anywhere else than on the stage of Broadway's Nederlander Theater, where she was doing what she was obviously born to do: singing, strutting and enchanting audiences.

The show, which will run through the summer and then go on to San Francisco and London, displays Horne in all her moods—all 10,000 of them.

She is cool and she is hot, sultry and cerebral, soft and brassy—loud enough to wake the folks in New Jersey. She does her standards, like *Can't Help Loving Dat Man of Mine*, and successfully essays a few that are not attached to her name, like *The Surrey with the Fringe on Top*. When she begins Rodgers and Hart's *Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered*, a premonitory shudder passes through the theater. She does not disappoint, and the words—"I'm a rich, ripe, ready plum again"—are not sung but caressed, as if they were old friends, which they clearly are. Sixty-four next month, Horne has not only been around, she has been all around for a long, long time.

Her career provides a capsule history of the black experience in show business. Her mother was an actress who always wanted to be what Lena is now, glamorous and successful, and her father was a gambler and numbers runner. The first five years of her life she spent mostly with her grandparents in Brooklyn, where she was born; after that she was boarded out with families in the South while her mother toured with acting companies. The acting did not bring in much money, however, and when she was 16, Lena became the wage earner, dancing and singing in the chorus of Harlem's famous Cotton Club. It was not a happy time. Working conditions backstage were terrible, pay was bad, and when Lena's white stepfather tried to get her a bigger role, the club's white owners beat him up and pushed his head into a toilet bowl. After joining another band, she recalls, "I literally ran away and married the first man I met."

The marriage produced two children, a boy and a girl, and then ended. Horne found her real happiness at the old Café Society Downtown in Greenwich Village, at that time "the one place in New York that had a mixed audience." With other performers, like Billy Daniels, Billie Holiday and Paul Robeson, she found the family life she had always wanted. Robeson was both father and teacher, and after the show was over, the two of them would often talk until dawn. "He'd tell me about black people, about my people, my grandmother," she says. "He was supplying all the things I had missed when I was living with strangers."

Hollywood called in the early 1940s,

MARTHA SWOPE

The star onstage, belting out a song in Manhattan

"Now I'm kinder to myself and to other people."

and Horne answered, eventually winding up in the office of MGM's Louis B. Mayer. She made it clear to him that she did not want to play maids, the usual role for black women then, but no one on the Culver City lot could think of any other part for a beautiful and talented woman with Horne's pigmentation. They finally decided that she was light enough to pass for a Latin. Horne insisted that she was dark enough to be what she was, a black. Perplexed, the studio bosses put her into two all-black films, *Stormy Weather* and *Cabin in the Sky*, and otherwise gave her bit roles so small that they could be excised easily when the movies played in the South. It was not until 1969 that she played a major character in a major movie, the madam of a whorehouse and Richard Widmark's lover in *Death of a Gunfighter*. But by then, she says, "I didn't care. It was too little, too late."

Despite the obvious discrimination against her, Horne broke barriers for black entertainers, and both races found in her a symbol, a proof that black actors could make it in Hollywood. She was desperate to return to New York, which she loved, and to all of her friends. Says she: "I really hated Hollywood and I was very lonely. The black stars felt uncomfortable out there." But no less a person than Count Basie persuaded her to stay. "You have to," he argued. "They don't give us a chance very often. When they do, we have to take it." She did her duty, but she did not enjoy it.

Like her mother, she married a white man the second time around, Bandleader Lennie Hayton, and she is frank enough to admit that she married him because he was white. "It was cold-blooded and deliberate. I married him because he could get me into places a black man couldn't. But I really learned to love him. He was beautiful, just so damned good. I had never met a man like him." But when they announced their marriage in 1950—three years after it had actually occurred—Hayton had to buy a shotgun and build a wall around their house to protect them from hostile Hollywood neighbors. Those years of humiliation and rejection left angry scars that are raw to this day.

Always proud of her race, Horne joined the civil rights movement of the late '50s and '60s. When a patron in a restaurant called her "just another nigger," she threw an ashtray at him, causing headlines around the world. After that, she spoke and marched and supported the cause in every way she could. "I no longer felt alone," she explains. An unexpected series of blows, however, came in the early '70s, when, within 18 months, the three men in her life—her husband, her father and her son Teddy—died. "They were my keystones," she says. "And when I lost them, I thought that I was nothing. But the pain of loss somehow cracked me open, made me feel compassion. Now I'm kinder to myself and to other people."

Part way through her show, Horne sings her trademark song, *Stormy Weather*, softly and seductively, just as the audience expects to hear it. Then, near the very end, she announces that she is going to do a number that she had to "grow into." And once again she begins, "Don't know why, there's no sun up in the sky." But this is a different *Stormy Weather*, sung from the gut and the soul, as if she had not only grown into it but out of it. The message is clear: it has taken a lot of doing, and a lot of stormy weather along the way, but Lena Horne has finally grown into being Lena Horne.

—*By Gerald Clarke*

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